DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 340 627 SO 021 333

AUTHOR Scott, John W., Ed.
TITLE Folksong in the Classroom. Volume XI, Numbers 1-3, 1990-91.
PUB DATE 91
NOTE 94p.; For other volumes in the series, see ED 273 504-508, ED 308 107 and ED 327 463.
PUB TYPE Collected Works - Serials (022) -- Guides - Classroom Use - Teaching Guides (For Teacher) (052)
JOURNAL CIT Folksong in the Classroom; v11 n1-3 Fall-Spr 1990-1991

EDRS PRICE MF01 Plus Postage. PC Not Available from EDRS.
DESCRIPTORS Elementary Secondary Education; *Folk Culture; Foreign Countries; Foreign Culture; *Instructional Materials; *Music Education; Social Studies; *Songs; War; Working Class
IDENTIFIERS *Folk Music; Newfoundland

ABSTRACT

This volume of a journal on folksong for elementary and secondary teachers of history, literature, music, and the humanities contains three issues. The Fall 1990 issue is devoted to the songs of Newfoundland. The Winter 1991 issue features songs concerning mine, mill and tunnel workers in the years 1877-1932. The Spring 1991 issue focuses on songs about soldiers and war. In addition to the words and music for a number of songs, each issue also contains background information about the overall topic and each song. (DB)

****
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
****

ED340627

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
Office of Educational Research and Improvement
EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)

This document has been reproduced as received from the person or organization originating it.

☐ Minor changes have been made to improve reproduction quality.

• Points of view or opinions stated in this document do not necessarily represent official OERI position or policy.

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL IN MICROFICHE ONLY HAS BEEN GRANTED BY

L. I. SEIDMAN

TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)."

FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM

SO 021 333

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM

A NETWORK OF TEACHERS OF HISTORY, LITERATURE, MUSIC AND THE HUMANITIES · A NEWSLETTER

Editors
John W. Scott
High School of Commerce
(Springfield, Massachusetts)

John A. Scott
Fieldston School
(Bronx, New York)
& Rutgers University
(New Jersey)

Laurence Seidman
C. W. Post Center
Long Island University
(New York)

Assistant Editor
Diana Palmer
Pine Street School
(Southbridge, Massachusetts)

all communications to
John W. Scott
P.O. Box 264
Holyoke, MA 10141

Advisory Panel
Sandy Behrend, *Art Teacher*
(New Jersey)

Bill Bonyun, *Folksinger*
(Maine)

Anna Fulhart
Elementary School Teacher
(Indiana)

J. Calvin Holsinger
Evangel College of Arts and Science
(Missouri)

Toshi & Pete Seeger
(Beacon, New York)

Jenny Vincent Welles
Hispanic Folk Music Resource Person
(New Mexico)

XI No. 1 Fall 1990

Individuals	7.00
Institutions	12.00
Foreign	8.00

Table of Contents

Letter from the Editor 2
Correspondence 3

SONGS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Newfoundland Song: Editorial 4

Newfoundland: Something to Sing About.....
by Hilary Lyman

Songs
Bonny Banks of Virgie.....
Isabeau S'y Promène (Isabel).....
Isabel (English version) 14
Brave Wolfe 15
Sailor's Alphabet 17
The Banks of Newfoundland (Canadian).. 18
Dark-Eyed Sailor 20
She's Like the Swallow 21
Loss of the 'Danny Goodwin'..... 22

Discography 24
Index of Newfoundland Songs in Back Issues.... 25
Songs and Ballads of the Maritime Provinces... 26
Index of back issues Vols I through X 27
Address and subscription page 28

TO OUR READERS
IT IS TIME TO PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
FOR VOLUME XI, 1990 - 1991
CONSULT YOUR MAILING LABEL FOR DIRECTIONS

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

This issue on the songs of Newfoundland represents our first tentative step on our long term commitment to provide materials on other cultures. We take it as an article of faith that a most effective way to teach about other cultures and lands is through song. The world is not going to survive unless peoples learn to reach across barriers that divide them and to link hands. Subsequent issues on Puerto Rico, Mexico, French Canada, and the Jewish people are in the planning stages. Anyone who would like to help, please be intouch.

Future issues will include reviews of music materials for the teaching of other cultures.

We are happy to announce that Sr. Duchesne Lavin has sent us 60 copies of her book, SING AND LEARN.

. We published Sister's "Folk Songs of Papua, New Guinea" in VoI. VI #3. She is a professional educator and musician who is well known in Australia.

When Sr. Duchesne Lavin's book arrived, I passed it around to three English as a Second Language (ESL) teachers for their opinions. Sing And Learn, we all agreed, is an excellent book for teaching ESL to elementary students or others in the first stages of learning the language. Each page of this beautifully printed book of about a hundred pages contains a simple but attractive song dealing with a specific language subject to be learned. Each subject is clearly labelled - (some examples: days of the week, ~~them,~~ comparisons, something happening in the future, time expressions, past continuous tense, someone - somebody - nobody, to name a few.) The book is organized logically for progressive learning.

FOR TEACHERS OF ENGLISH AS A SECOND LANGUAGE

We are happy to announce that

Sr. Duchesne Lavin has sent us 60 copies of her book

SING AND LEARN

Institutions and individuals may obtain a copy for $7. 50.

We will offer a money back guarantee (except for shipping and handling) if you are not satisfied.

CORRESPONDENCE

3

Thanks for promptly putting me on your subscription list. Back issues (#1 and 2 of Vol. X) are wonderful! I had no idea of the content of your back issues when I purchased only Vol. X. I would like to subscrbe to all 11 years please.
Lynne Davis. San Rafael CA

Thanks, Lynn. A lot of people are beginning to realize that the best 'freebies' we have to offer are the back issues. What a wealth of songs, commentary, background material and lesson plans they contain! $43.00 for all eleven years is less than $4.00 a volume or $1.30 an issue. Awesome deal! * * *

* * *

I enjoy each issue and look forward to the next. You are doing a great job!
Glenys Wignes. Fargo ND

We work hard to improve and are very thankful for your support and appreciation along the way (Glenys is a member of the Department of Music at Concordia College). * * *

* * *

I work with children's literature, especially folk literature, and am interested in gathering materials that go together. I want to subscribe to the current issue and buy all the back issues. This paper is a rich resource and saves me a great deal of work.
Elaine Jacobsen. Pittsford NY

Thank you Elaine. We are happy to be of help. * * *

In 1989 Montana celebrated the centennial of our statehood and I planned and produced a musical program of folk songs which the Grade Four students sang (I am an elementary music teacher). It was also an informative program and parents said they had learned a lot they didn't know before. We sang songs to represent various peoples and occupations including Native Americans, fur trappers, railroad workers, etc. The favorite song of the children was The Frozen Logger. Perhaps you know it. Thanks for keeping the publication going. You are providing a great service which is appreciated.
Judy Suvak. Bozeman MT

Vol. 5 #2 was devoted to songs of the lumbermen, but we did not reproduce the Frozen Logger, which we indeed know and sing with children. You give us a thought: how about an issue of FITC devoted to hilarious songs like that one? * * *

I am working on an M.A. in Environmental Education and am doing a project with folk music in environmental education as its theme. Please send me all of Volume IX [devoted to environmental song] ASAP.
Ann Marie Martin. Arcata CA

Stay in touch, Ann Marie: many of our readers will be interested in your work. * * *

NEWFOUNDLAND SONG: Editorial

Newfoundland folk song is American song. Hilary Lyman was the person who drew our attention to the need for a special issue on this topic with an article that she sent to us in the summer of 1989. Hilary had spent time in Newfoundland with the National Audubon Society Expedition Institute, an environmental studies program. Her article, as she put it, "describes what it was like to find people to share songs with us, what they think of the music itself, and how people, the land, and music are all integral parts of the Newfoundland scene."

Newfoundland is an island just a little bigger than Ireland. It lies above and below the 49th parallel of latitude, in the very mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Like Ireland, it is a land of great beauty. The climate is temperate; the bleak, rocky coast is broken by numerous bays and inlets.

Newfoundland stands at the gateway to the modern history of North America. 65 years before the Norman conquest of England in 1066 Leif, son of Erik the Norwegian, left his home in Brattalid on the western coast of Greenland and sailed with a few companions across the stretch of water, only a few hundred miles wide, that separated Greenland from the North American continent. They came to a place where water flowed from an inland lake and emptied into the sea. They unloaded their sleeping bags, set up house by the stream and passed the winter. Leif found it a beautiful spot and a fisherman's paradise. There was, he reported when he returned to Greenland, "no lack of salmon either in the river or the lake." Cattle would not need winter fodder, but could graze out of doors. "There was no frost in winter; and the grass hardly withered...."

Greenland settlers soon came where Leif had led, but these efforts came to nothing and were forgotten except in the old sagas of Icelandic historians. In the 1960's Helge Ingstad and his wife Ann Stine studied these ancient records, and then went to dig at L'Anse aux Meadows, near the northern tip of Newfoundland. They uncovered Viking houses and workshops which are almost certainly the remains of that first Greenland colony.

Leif called the land he had discovered Vinland. In 1497 or nearly 500 years later John Cabot, an English seafarer, discovered it again. Sailing high in the northern latitudes Cabot crossed the Atlantic to a territory that he named "New Found land." He took possession in the name of Henry VII, explored the coast and reported that millions of codfish swarmed in the chilly waters to the southeast. The sea was so full of fish, he

said, that he let down empty baskets from the side of his ship and hauled them up full. Cabot had not only discovered Newfoundland but also "the Great Newfoundland Bank," a vast sandy shoal covered by only a few hundred feet of water and equal in area to the island itself. For more than four centuries catching, drying and exporting these codfish would remain a major Newfoundland industry until modern times.

Newfoundland was England's first overseas colony, but the Crown for long discouraged settlement -- west of England merchants wished to keep the fisheries to themselves. This situation began to change after the defeat of the French in 1763 at the end of the Seven Years' War. Newfoundland began to be colonized both directly from the British Isles and from the neighboring shores of Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. By the early 20th century Newfoundland's population numbered more than 200,000. It included people of English, Scots, Irish, French and Portuguese extraction. They earned their living mostly by practising a 'mixed economy' of fishing, farming and (more recently) lumbering that provided pulpwood for newsprint.

Newfoundland remained a Crown Colony until 1949, when by popular vote it became a Canadian province. The history of Newfoundland's settlement, even as that of the United States, has been tainted by brutality and bloodshed. The native Americans (Beothuks) were wiped out in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. This atrocity was matched only by the barbarity and greed with which the seal population was slaughtered and decimated.

The core of Newfoundland's singing tradition lies in the tiny fishing settlements -- the outports -- that dot its shores, and where traditionally most of the people have eked out a living by combining fishing with lumbering and farming. Until recently the remoteness of these outports and the lack of roads has meant that each community lived, to a considerable extent, in isolation. Elisabeth B. Greenleaf, a New York teacher who first visited Newfoundland as a teaching volunteer in 1920, has left us a vivid description of one of these villages -- Sally's Cove, on the western coast. "In Sally's Cove," she wrote,

> "the men earn money by fishing in spring and summer and by working in the lumber camps in winter. They do some hunting and trapping and help with the berry-picking. They harvest enough hay to keep a few animals over the winter -- principally cows, horses, and sheep -- and they bring in wood to keep the little wood-stoves glowing through the cold months. They build their own houses and barns, make their own

boats and occasionally furniture, work on the roads -- with little apparent result -- and fashion snowshoes, fishing gear and lobster traps."

Each family, said Greenleaf, "has its own cannery, a mere unpainted wooden shed with fireplace and kettle, a workbench for packing the cans, and a patent sealer for closing them." The fish -- cod, herring but principally lobster -- were taken by boat to the fishing center of Curling, and sold there for export. "The women," continued Greenleaf,

> "contribute greatly to the support of the family. They milk the cows and do the gardening, with some help from the men in the heavy spading. Plots are too small in Newfoundland to make plows efficient. They shear the sheep and spin the woolen yarn and knit it into 'inside clothes, stockings, or mittens. They make quilts for the beds and hooked mats to cover the floors, and some of the designs are really beautiful. They also help the men with the haying, berry-picking and lobster canning."

These Newfoundland people lived in their own small, close-knit communities, practising a self-sufficient economy in which the sale of fish on the market placed an important and yet secondary role. In this context the singing tradition retained its vitality as central to a cooperative existence. The people sang the songs of their heritage and also composed new ones. These songs celebrated life, love, work and struggle; they expressed the joy and pain of existence. Song in Newfoundland helped knit the people together with the ties of a life both precious and shared.

Newfoundland song was little known outside Canada until Elisabeth Greenleaf, inspired by her 1920 visit, enlisted the help of a musician, Grace Yarrow Mansfield, and organized the Vassar College folklore expedition in the summer of 1929. Their book, Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland, was published by Harvard University Press in 1933.

The two collectors confined their attention to English language songs, omitting, that is, those sung in French and Gaelic. Even so, the Irish musical heritage impressed them greatly. "Folk-song in Newfoundland owes a great debt to the people of Irish descent," wrote Greenleaf: "They have a genius for music and learn not only the Irish songs, but any other lovely airs they hear, and they render them most sweetly. I am inclined to credit the Irish with a large share in keeping the Newfoundland folk-music so melodious."

From the Greenleaf and Mansfield collection and from two subsequent collections (by Maud Karpeles and Kenneth Peacock respectively) we have selected the songs reproduced in this issue of Folk Song in the Classroom. Many of the songs that Newfoundlanders sing are also found in other parts of Canada. A notable example is the exquisite ballad Isabeau S'y Promène, which Mrs. Leo Mitchell sung for us several years ago. Mrs. Mitchell was raised on the Magdalen Islands that lie in the Gulf of St. Lawrence some 80 miles west of Newfoundland's Cape Ray. This song, inherited from Brittany, belongs as much to Newfoundlanders as to the people of Quebec, even though it has not yet been 'collected' on the island.For this reason we have included it here.

Hilary's article is reproduced in this issue along with the songs that we have chosen to illustrate her theme. One of these songs, "The Dark-Eyed Sailor," is among those mentioned by Hilary Lyman as her favorites.

When Elisabeth Greenleaf and Grace Mansfield Yarrow visited Newfoundland in 1929 they were mature teachers, proud, as they put it, to be members of a movement in the United States "to use the wealth of lovely simple folk-melodies in elementary school teaching instead of composing special exercizes for each grade." They were anxious to study and to record Newfoundland's contribution to the heritage of Anglo-American song. In enlarging our knowledge of this heritage Greenleaf and Mansfield have made a pioneering contribution of their own. It is there for us to use and for our students to enjoy.

Canadian people are Americans with a history of their own; citizens of the United States often adopt an arrogant 'know-nothing' attitude toward our northern neighbors. During the 1980's United States history texts have been flooding the Canadian market: Canadian children, required to focus narrowly upon United States history, are cheated of their own. By focusing on Newfoundland we take a small step in international education and at the same time seek to balance the record. Newfoundland provides a gateway to the study of our own culture. It is, too, not a bad place to start in reaching out to the other peoples of the world.

dories

8

NEWFOUNDLAND: Something To Sing About

by Hilary Lyman

It was mid-September in this northern land, well into autumn. The larches were turning yellow. The few maples interspersed in the hills were brilliant shades of red, yellow and orange, a strong contrast against the dark green spruce and fir. We travelled 500 miles up the western coast, passing through towns such as Trout River and Rocky Harbour, all the way to Goose Cove, the northern tip of the island. Snuggled up in my sleeping bag I recall watching with awe the flashing curtains of color and light, as the Northern Lights (called Merry Dancers by locals) illuminated the sky. It was just another everyday, run-of-the-mill, spectacular Newfoundland night.

Newfoundland conjures images of small, quaint fishing villages nestled in harbors and coves by the sea: of white foam spraying a rocky coastline and fishermen unloading their day's catch on the dock. But there is so much more. Three things make Newfoundland beautiful -- the scenery, the people and the traditional music -- and these are all part of a single whole. Newfoundlanders are very generous, friendly and kind; each bend in the high road brings another smiling face and a greeting with a friendly wave. Because of this, we were invited into many people's homes, sometimes to hear stories, to visit and chat, to hear old-time fiddle tunes, or to sing songs. For me these visits were the highlights of my three journeys to Newfoundland. I vividly remember our group crowded into a small kitchen and the rhythmic sounds of our feet stomping to the swing of the accordion and the fiddle. From other visits I remember faces and voices that sung songs of fishing, courting and rural life.

Aunt Becky, a lively 77-year old woman whose bright smile lit up her creased face, shared songs that she sang with others when only 11 families lived in her town. Perhaps the most revealing of all those she sang was 'The Road from Sally's Cove down to St. Paul,' which told how the lives of the people had changed once the road reached their town. People liked the road because it helped bring in more goods; but little did they realize the impact that some of those goods would have upon their lives. In the 1970's and '80's the roads brought electricity, and this in turn brought television and radio. Their image of themselves was affected by these appliances. The trained professional performers whom they now heard and watched made their own voices seem dull and unworthy.

So at first many folks were reluctant to sing with us. When we asked them to sing their songs, they asked us why we wanted to hear "that trash." But once we sang songs for them, they saw that we were really interested in the old songs and they began to sing them. Annie, who lived in a town accessible only by boat, and Becky, both cried after singing with us for a while. The songs brought back many happy memories of their families and friends, and the nightly gatherings in someone's kitchen. They realized that these old times were gone and how much they missed them.

Linoleum was another of the goods that the road brought in, and it arrived via the Sears Catalogue. For Newfoundlanders the Sears Catalogue represented a 'higher' standard of living -- something that they welcomed because they were tired of hearing that their lives were backward in comparison to those of their Yankee neighbors. Consequently many of them now possess linoleum floors. When we asked Becky why people had stopped coming together for kitchen dances and sings, she replied that they didn't want to ruin the linoleum.

A nor'easter pushed its way through the small fishing village of Goose Cove on a cold rainy Sunday, and where I'm from in the United States this weather would prevent many people from going to visit. This was not so with us: we were anxious to learn the music and songs of Newfoundland. A man named Tom invited us to his house: he and his extended family and friends were going to have a singing party after church and Sunday dinner. This was the most incredible musical experience I have ever been part of. Each of the family members and friends all played at least one instrument, and many played two or three. When one singer finished a song, another began. During the few lags they asked us if we knew any songs. When we broke into a chorus of 'Wild Rover' they joined in too. Here were we, people of two different countries, linked together by something very old.

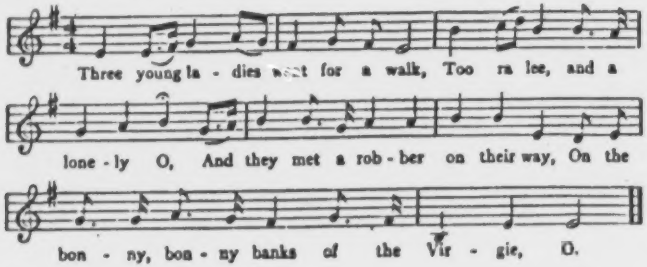
Since I had lived outdoors for three years without the conveniences of modern, electric music, I had come to realize that it is natural to sing. This was linked with our expedition's purpose: to become more familiar with nature in all its forms. I have experienced thirst hiking up a mountain, sensed the calm before a storm, witnessed a flash flood; and felt happy, sad or angry. In nature there is a sense of continuity; life flows according to the seasons of the Earth. Song is shaped by this life, and reflects it. I have learned the importance of perpetuating the process.

Unfortunately, as the sense of community diminishes throughout Newfoundland, music less often brings people together. As the demand for power increases, proposals to build hydro-electric dams seem reasonable. Lakes which were wilderness yesterday may become the industry of tomorrow. Habitats for moose, otters, eagles, trees and plants, will drown as a result of so-called progress. There is so much at stake. As we become more dependent upon technology we become increasingly distant from the natural world. It saddens me to see this wild beauty that is Newfoundland destroyed and polluted.

If it had not been for traditional music, I would not have spent so many unforgettable days with these singers. Because Newfoundlanders gave so much of themselves, the words of such songs as 'The Tinker,' 'Riley the Fisherman,' 'The Dark-Eyed Sailor,' 'Peter Emberley,' 'Labrador Rose,' and 'In Courtship Lies Pleasure,' remain in our memories as we continue our lives throughout the United States.

BONNY BANKS OF VIRGIE

'The Bonny Banks of the Vergie, O' is one of the most celebrated of the classic English ballads; its age cannot even be guessed at. Until 1929 the song was not known to have survived anywhere in the New World in oral tradition. Then Greenleaf and Mansfield learned it in August 1929 from the singing of three sisters, May, Mildred and Victoria White, in Sandy Cove on Newfoundland's western shore. "Here," wrote Greenleaf, "is the first record of [this song] this side of the Atlantic." The following month Maud Karpeles also learned the song from Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Monks on the other side of Newfoundland at King's Cove, Bonavista Bay. The story moves along with a relentless, driving rhythm; it is a great song for group singing with its haunting refrain: Tooralee and a lonely O,...On the bonny, bonny banks of the Virgie, O.



Three young ladies went out for a walk;
   Too ra lee and a lonely O,
And they met a robber on their way,
   On the bonny, bonny banks of the Virgie, O.

He took the first one by the hand,
He whipped her round til he made her stand.

O will you be a robber's wife,
Or will you die by my penknife?

I will not be a robber's wife,
I would rather die by your penknife.

He's taken out his penknife
And robbed this lady of her life.

He took the second one by the hand,
He whipped her round til he made her stand.

O will you be a robber's wife,
Or will you die by my penknife?

I will not be a robber's wife,
I would rather die by your penknife.

12

He's taken out his penknife
And robbed this lady of her life.

He took the third one by the hand,
He whipped her round til he made her stand.

O will you be a robber's wife,
Or will you die by my penknife?

I will not be a robber's wife,
Nor will I die by your penknife.

If my brothers were here tonight
You would not have killed my sisters bright.

What are your brothers, I pray you tell?
One is a robber like yoursel'.

What did the other, I pray you tell?
The other is a minister, sir, said she.

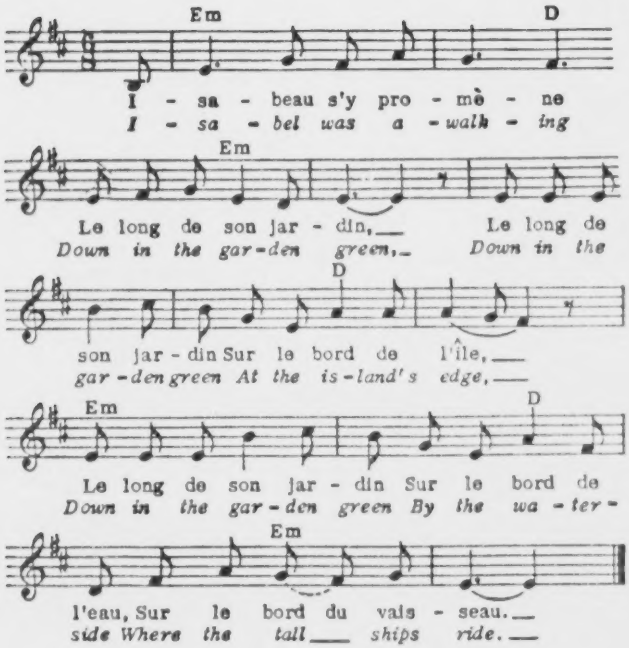
Lord have mercy for what I have done,
I've murdered my sisters all but one!

He's taken out his penknife,
And 'twas there he took his own sweet life.

ISABEAU S'Y PROMÈNE

The ancestors of the French Canadian people came from France's coastal provinces of B rittany and Normandy; in the New World they settled shores and islands washed by the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic. Many of these people's loveliest songs involve the sea. 'Isabel' is a masterpiece of ballad form, one of the finest that French Americans have inherited. It too moves with swift relentless rhythm to the conclusion.'Isabel' unites echoing refrain with repetition both simple and incremental. Telling a story it is also a dirge. The song was a favorite of Mrs. Leo Mitchell of New Brunswick, who spent her childhood on the Magdalen Islands off the Newfoundland coast. The English version is by John Anthony Scott, who learned the ballad from her singing. [source: The Ballad of America]

ISABEAU S'Y PROMÈNE



2. Elle fit un rencontre
De trente matelots,
De trente matelots
Sur le bord de l'île,
De trente matelots
Sur le bord de l'eau,
Sur le bord du vaisseau.

3. Le plus jeune des trente
Il se mit a chanter,
Il se mit a chanter
Sur le bord de l'île,
Il se mit a chanter
Sur le bord de l'eau,
Sur le bord du vaisseau.

4. "La chanson que tu chantes,
Je voudrais la savoir,
Je voudrais la savoir
Sur le bord de l'île,
Je voudrais la savoir
Sur le bord de l'eau
Sur le bord du vaisseau."

5. "Embarque dans ma barque,
Je te la chanterai,
Je te la chanterai
Sur le bord de l'île,
Je te la chanterai
Sur le bord de l'eau,
Sur le bord du vaisseau."

6. Quand ell' fut dans la barque,
Ell' se mit a pleurer.

7. "Qu'avez-vous donc la belle,
Qu'a'-vous a tant pleurer?"

8. "Je pleur' mon anneau d'or,
Dans l'eau-z-il est tombé."

9. "Ne pleurez point la belle,
Je vous le plongerai."

10. De la première plonge,
Il n'a rien ramené.

11. De la seconde plonge
L'anneau-z-a voltigé.

12. De la troisième plonge
Le galant s'est noyé.

14

ISABEL

2. She met a band of sailors
While she was walking there.
While she was walking there
At the island's edge,
While she was walking there
By the waterside
Where the tall ships ride.

3. The youngest of the sailors
He sang a song of love.
He sang a song of love
At the island's edge,
He sang a song of love
By the waterside
Where the tall ships ride.

4. "Your song is such a sweet one,
I'd like to sing it too.
I'd like to sing it too
At the island's edge,
I'd like to sing it too
By the waterside
Where the tall ships ride."

5. "Come with me to my tall ship
And I'll sing you my song.
And I'll sing you my song
At the island's edge,
And I'll sing you my song
By the waterside
Where the tall ships ride."

6. She went on board that tall ship,
But soon began to cry.
But soon began to cry
At the island's edge,
But soon began to cry
By the waterside
Where the tall ships ride.

7. "What's wrong, my pretty lady,
That makes you so lament?
That makes you so lament
At the island's edge,
That makes you so lament
By the waterside
Where the tall ships ride?"

8. "I'm weeping for my gold ring
That in the water fell.
That in the water fell
At the island's edge,
That in the water fell
By the waterside
Where the tall ships ride."

9. "Oh, do not cry my lady,
I'll fetch it back for you.
I'll fetch it back for you
At the island's edge,
I'll fetch it back for you
By the waterside
Where the tall ships ride."

10. He dived into the ocean,
But came up with no ring.
But came up with no ring
At the island's edge,
But came up with no ring
By the waterside
Where the tall ships ride.

11. The next time that he dived there
The golden ring did gleam.
The golden ring did gleam
At the island's edge,
The golden ring did gleam
By the waterside
Where the tall ships ride.

12. The third time that he dived there,
The youth no more was seen.
The youth no more was seen
At the island's edge,
The youth no more was seen
By the waterside
Where the tall ships ride.

BOLD WOLFE

Greenleaf recorded this magnificent Dorian melody from the singing of Will Payne and Daniel Endacott, of Sally's Cove. "This martial and moving song," she recalled, "burst on us suddenly in the midst of an evening devoted mainly to the woes of the love-lorn. Its stately measures linger in one's memory, with some of its striking lines."

Bold Wolfe is one of the first American broadside ballads of which we have a record. It tells the story of Britain's young general, James Wolfe, who led the assault upon Quebec in September 1759 and defeated the French forces under Louis Joseph Gozon de St. Veran, Marquis de Montcalm. It was a decisive event in North American history which obliterated French power in the New World and at the same time made James Wolfe, who died along with Montcalm in the hour of his triumph, the first all-American hero. It also created profound tensions in Canadian society with respect to Anglo-French relations that remain unresolved til this day.

'Bold Wolfe' is also a tale of love in which the young man bids farewell to his fiancee, Katharine Lowther. The ballad incorporates Katharine's own beautiful and bitter lament: "Bad news is come to town, bad news is carried,/ Some say my love is dead, some say he's married."

Th version of the broadside given here is a composite of two surviving sheets: one in the Harris Collection of Brown University, the other in the Isaiah Thomas Collection of the American Antiquarian Society.

SAILOR'S ALPHABET

This Newfoundland song is at least a century old, and provided the pattern which the lumbermen copied when they began to sing 'The Lumbermen's Alphabet,' which has long been a favorite of American children [We reproduced this song in our issue on lumbering, vol. V no. 2, Winter 1985].

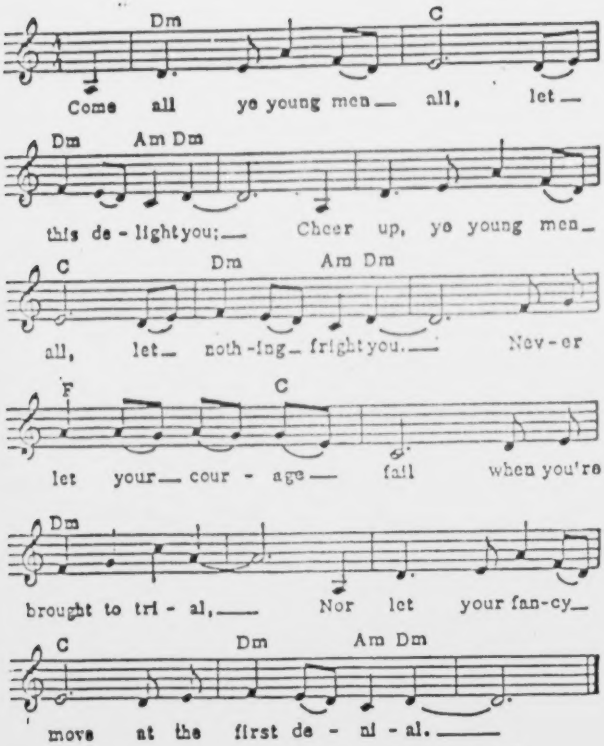
Both songs are invaluable for teaching vocabulary and familiarising children with the tools of the axeperson's trade, the equipment of a sailing ship, and the environment of the forest or the sea. Singing a song like 'The Sailor's Alphabet' is a good start for collecting photographs, drawings and sketches, and for a visit to a marine museum. To understand words is a key to becoming familiar with dimensions of life and reality never previously dreamed of.

The song's definitions are simple and clear: dictionary exploration reinforces with additional detail, e.g.
capstan: cylinder mounted on a vertical axis used for exerting great pressure on a rope or cable passed around the drum. Operated by power or capstan bars pushed by hand.
davit: a crane projecting over the side of a vessel for hoisting boats, anchor or cargo. etc.

The version of the song reproduced here comes from Mrs. Gladys Snow of Cormack, NF, and is reproduced in Kenneth Peacock, Songs of the Newfoundland Outports, vol. 3.

16

BRAVE WOLFE



Bad news is come to town, bad news is carried,
Bad news is whispered round, my love is married.
Bad news is come to town, I fell a-weeping,
They stole my love from me while I lay sleeping.

"Love, here's a diamond ring, if you'll accept it,
'Tis for your sake alone, long time I've kept it;
When you this posy read think on the giver,
Madam, remember me, or I'm undone for ever."

So then this gallant youth did cross the ocean,
To free America from her invasion;
He landed at Quebec with all his party,
The city to attack, being brave and hearty.

Brave Wolfe drew up his men, in a line so pretty,
On the plains of Abraham before the city;
A distance from the town the French did meet h
With a double number they resolved to beat him.

The French drew up their men, for death prepared
In one another's face the armies stared,
While Wolfe and Montcalm together walked
Between their armies they like brothers talked.

Each man then took his post at their retire,
So then these numerous hosts began to fire—
The cannon on each side did roar like thunder,
And youths in all their pride were torn asunder.

The drums did loudly beat, colors were flying,
The purple gore did stream, and men lay dying,
When shot off from his horse fell this brave hero,
And we lament his loss in weeds of sorrow.

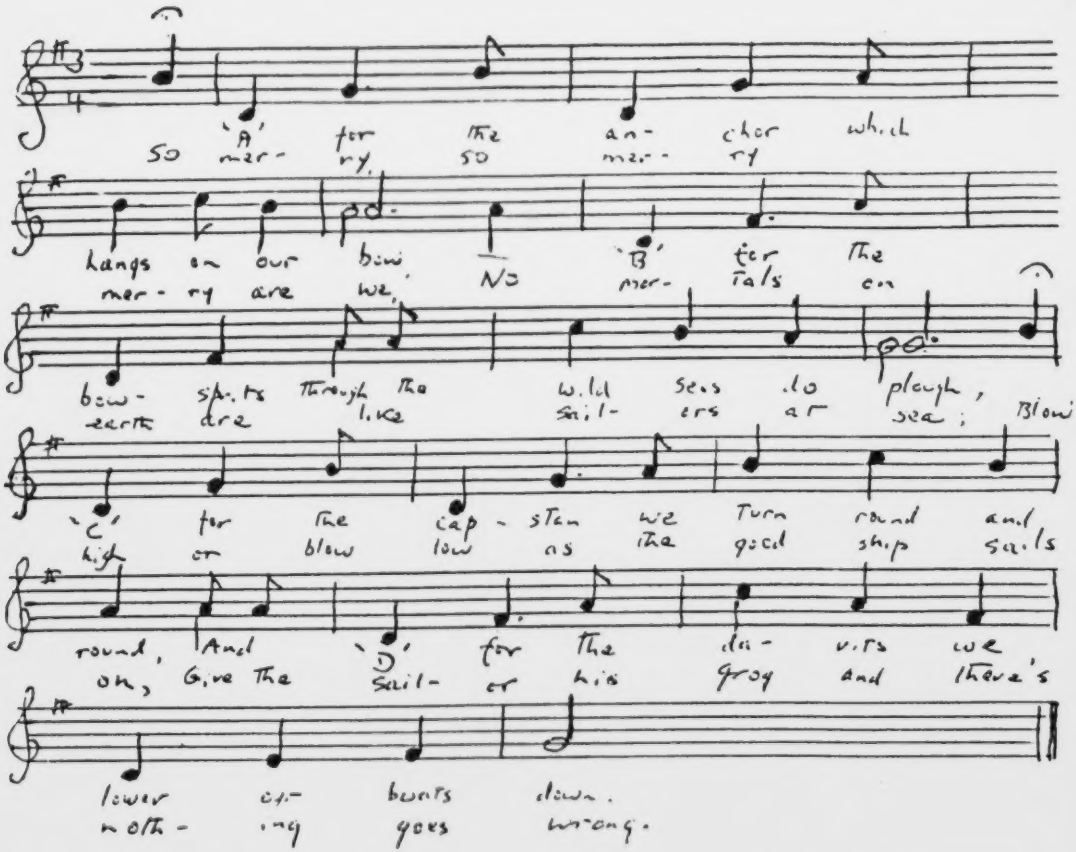
The French began to break, their ranks were flyin
Wolfe seemed to revive while he lay dying.
He lifted up his head while guns did rattle,
And to his army said, "How goes the battle?"

His aide-de-camp replied, " 'Tis in our favor;
Quebec with all her pride, nothing can save her;
She falls into our hands with all her treasure,"
"O then," brave Wolfe replied, "I die with pleasure.

Bad news is come to town, bad news is carried,
Some say my love is dead, some say he's married.
As I was a pondering on this, I feel a-weeping,
They stole my love from me while I lay sleeping.

Reproduced from: John Anthony Scott, The Ballad of America, (Southern Illinois Press, 1984) 36.

SAILOR'S ALPHABET



A for the anchor which hangs on our bow,
B for the bow-sprits through the wild seas do plow,
C for the capstan we turn round and round,
And D the davits we lower our boats down.

So merry, so merry, so merry are we,
No mortals on earth are like sailors at sea,
Blow high or blow low as the good ship sails on,
Give the sailor his grog and there's nothing goes wrong.

E for the ensign which flies from our peak,
F for the fo'c'sle where the sailors do sleep,
G for the galley where the cook moves around,
H for the halyards we move up and down.

I for the iron on our good ship's main boom,
J for the jib which moves her along,
K for the keelson, the keel is below,
L for the lanyards we move to and fro.

M for the mainmast so stout and so strong,
N for the needle which never points wrong,
O for the oars we row our boats out,
P for the pumps which keep her afloat.

Q for the quarter-deck where the officers move around,
R for the rigging we run up and down,
S for the sailors which move her along,
T for the topsails we pull up and down.

U for the Union which flies from our peak,
V for the vittles which the sailors do eat,
W for the wheel where we all take our turn,
X, Y, and Z is the name on our stern.

18

The Banks of Newfoundland

The song most widely known in North America under the title 'The Banks of Newfoundland' is of British origin. It tells of the sufferings of sailors and immigrants of the early 19th century. Ships headed westwards to Canada and the United States on the northern route during the winter encountered freezing gales as they crossed the Banks. The song was a warning to sailors: Have a big monkey jacket always at your command,/ For there blows some cold nor'westers on the Banks of Newfoundland. [see Folk Song in the Classroom, vol. 4 no. 2, Winter 1984]

In this issue we reproduce a quite different 'Banks of Newfoundland,' which is almost certainly native to the island. It tells simply and eloquently of the dangers and toil of the fisherman's life.

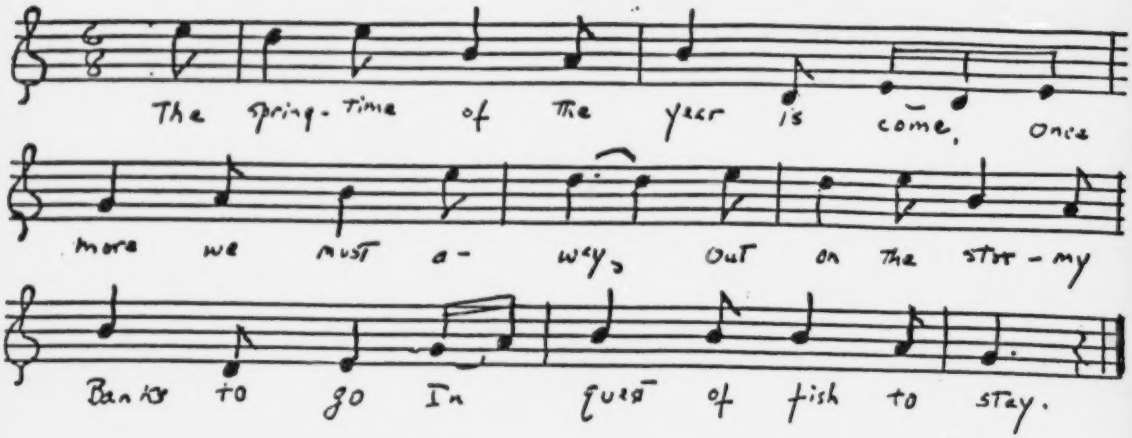
In the spring Newfoundland fishermen fit out their schooners and head for the Banks. Dropping anchor they spent the summer months upon the sea. The ship is their floating home; they pass their days in their small boats (dories), searching for fish. There is constant danger. High winds and seas may capsize the dories. Mist and fog may shroud them and passing ships run them down.

The Dark-Eyed Sailor
She's Like the Swallow

'The Dark-Eyed Sailor' is mentioned by Hilary Lyman in her article as one of the songs which she learned in Newfoundland and which she liked best. Of English origin, it is common to Newfoundland and the other maritime provinces. It tells a familiar story. The sailor boy breaks a ring in two, gives one half to his girl friend and sails away with the other. Returning years later he checks whether the young lady is still waiting for him, then reveals his identity. In the Dark-Eyed Sailor the woman is still waiting faithfully. The couple embrace and live happily ever after.

'She's Like the Swallow' is a native Newfoundland love lament that has entranced listeners and that tells exactly the opposite story. These two songs, taken together, are a commentary upon the human condition: upon love that is both tough as steel and as brittle as glass.

BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND



1. The springtime of the year is come,
   Once more we must away,
   Out on the stormy Banks to go
   In quest of fish to stay

2. Where seas do roll tremendously
   Like mountain peaks so high,
   And the wild sea-birds around us
   In their mad career go by.

3. Out there we spend our summer months
   Midst heavy fog and wind,
   And often do our thoughts go back
   To the dear ones left behind.

4. From where the wild sea billows foam,
   There by cold breezes fanned,
   Out on the stormy billows
   On the Banks of Newfoundland.

5. At midnight when the sky is dark
   And heavy clouds do frown,
   It's then we stand great danger
   Of our craft being soon run down

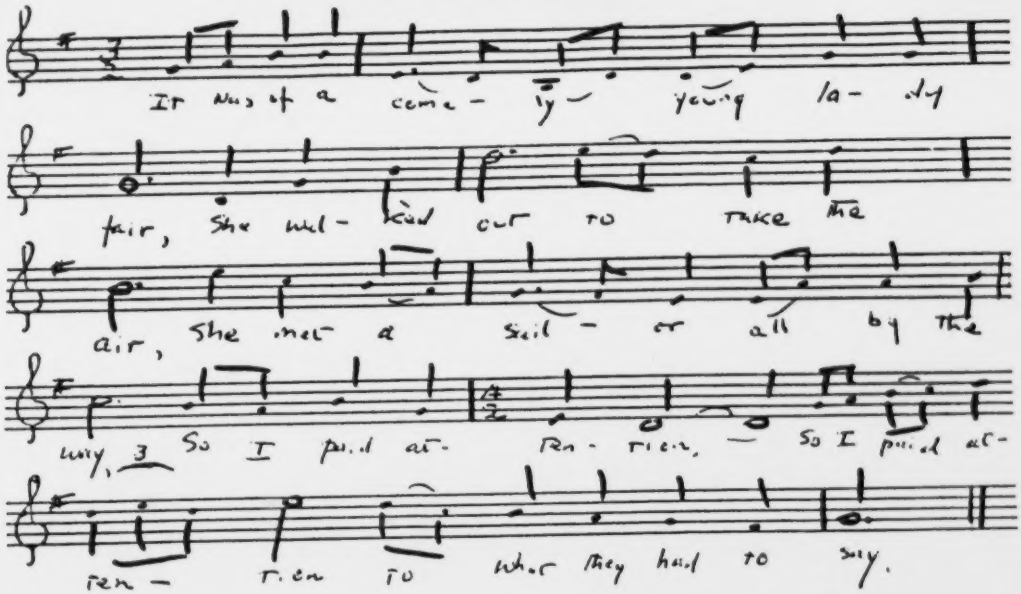
6. By some large greyhound of the deep
   That rushes madly by.
   It's then we trust our lives
   To kind Providence on high.

7. It's when those summer toils are o'er
   We return with spirits light
   To see our sweethearts and our wives
   Who helped us in the fight.

8. From where the wild sea billows foam,
   There by cold breezes fanned,
   Out on the stormy billows
   On the Banks of Newfoundland.

From: Kenneth Peacock, Songs of the Newfoundland Outports.

DARK-EYED SAILOR



It was a charming young maiden fair
Walked out one evening to take the air,
She met a sailor down by the way,
And I paid attention,
And I paid attention to hear what they would say.

Said William: "Lady why walk alone?
For the day's far spent and the night coming on."
She answered him while tears did fall:
"It's a dark-eyed sailor,
It's a dark-eyed sailor that's proving my downfall.

"It is seven long years since he left this land,
And a gold ring he took from off his hand;
He broke the ring gave half to me,
While the other lies rolling,
While the other lies rolling in the bottom of the sea."

Said William: "Drive him from out your mind,
For some other sailor as good you'll find,
Love turns away and cold does grow,
Like a winter's morning,
Like a winter's morning when the fields are white with snow."

These words did her fond heart inflame,
And she said: "Tell me you will cast no shame."
She drew a dagger and loud did cry:
"For my dark-eyed sailor,
For my dark-eyed sailor a maid I'll live and die."

But still she said: "I'll never disdain
A tarry sailor, but I'll treat the same;
Go drink his health, here's a piece of kind,
For this dark-eyed sailor,
For this dark-eyed sailor still claims this heart of mine.

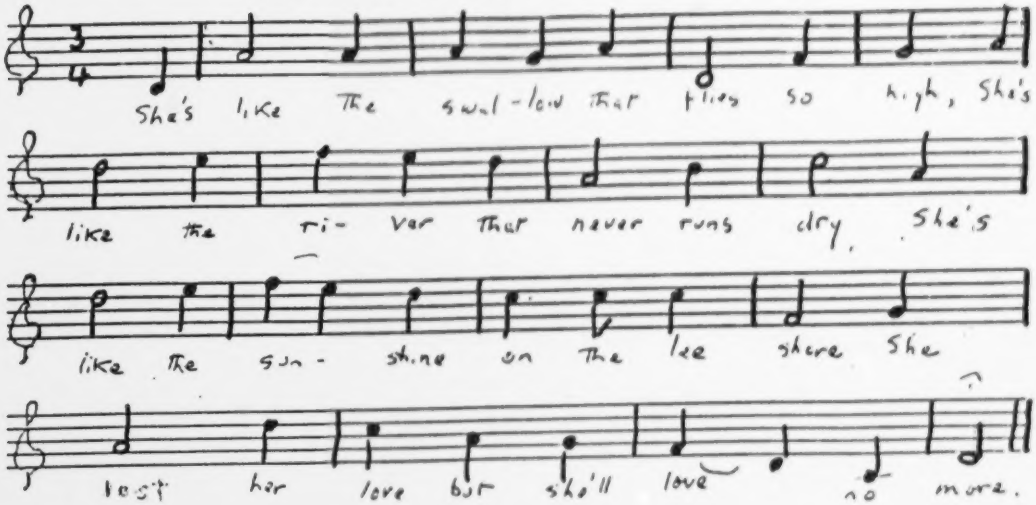
"His two dark-eyes and his curly hair,
And his manly form did my heart ensnare;
Yet here he was not direct like you,
To advise a maiden,
To advise a maiden to slight her boy in blue."

When the ring did young William show,
She seemed distracted between joy and woe.
"Oh welcome William, I have lands and gold
For my dark-eyed sailor,
For my dark-eyed sailor so manly and so bold."

In the little cottage down by the sea,
They're in wedlock bound and you'll well agree.
Young girls be true while your love's at sea,
For a stormy morning,
For a cloudy morning brings forth a pleasant day.

Source: Kenneth Peacock Songs of the Newfoundland Outports.

SHE'S LIKE THE SWALLOW



She's like the swallow that flies so high,
She's like the river that never runs dry,
She's like the sun shines on the lee shore,
She lost her love and she'll love no more.

Out in the meadow this fair girl went
Picking those flowers just as she went,
The more she picked and the more she pulled
Until she gathered her apron full.

She climbed on yonder hill above
She gave a rose unto her love,
She gave him one, and two and three,
She gave her heart in company.

There is a man on yonder hill
He has a heart as hard as steel,
He has two hearts instead of one,
She says, "Young man what have you done?"

"How foolish how foolish this girl must be
To think I love no other but she,
The world's not made for one alone,
I take delight in everyone."

She's like the swallow that flies so high,
She;'s like the river that never runs dry,
She's like the sun shines on the lee shore,
She lost her love and she'll love no more.

The Loss of the Danny Goodwin

The waters of the maritime provinces of Canada, and the Newfoundland coasts in particular, abound in shoals and reefs. Fierce gales and storms descend upon seafarers without warning, and these hazards are made worse by everpresent mists and fogs. Winter winds have the edge of a knife and the Atlantic seas are icy cold. Over the centuries countless catastrophes have befallen the ships that have entered these treacherous waters.

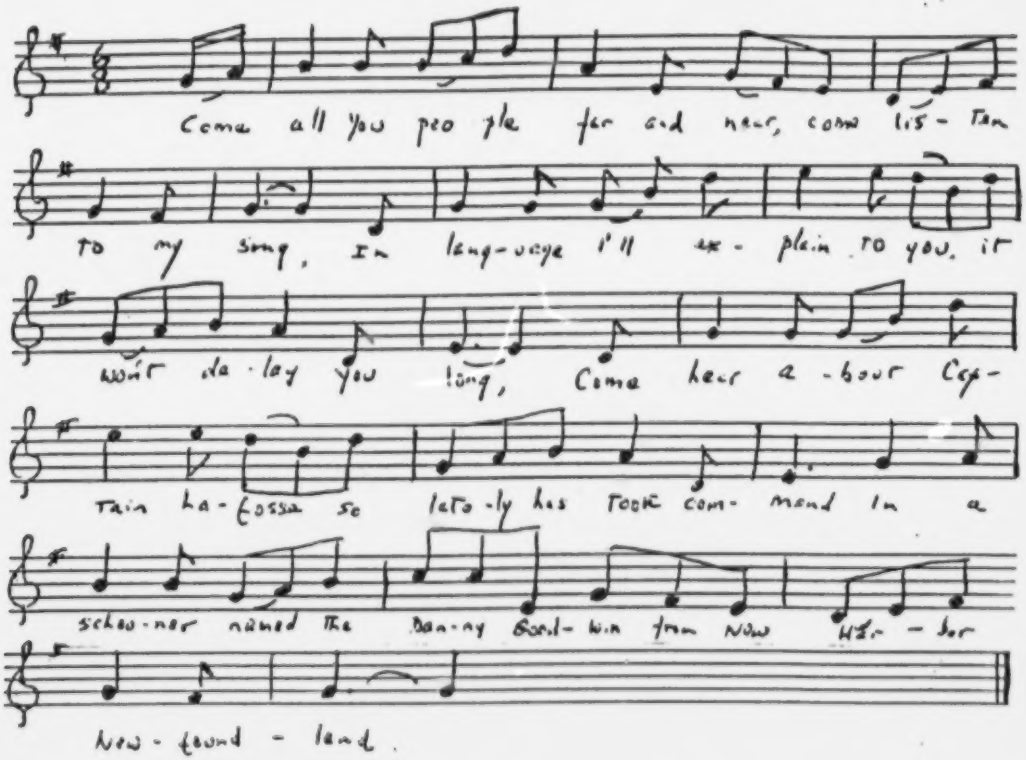
Newfoundlanders have written many ballads telling of cruel struggles with the winds, the cold, and the sea which the people had undertaken in order to win their daily bread. We have selected for inclusion here 'The Loss of the Danny Goodwin.' It deals with fishermen from the south coast of Newfoundland who sailed out from New Harbor in the schooner Danny Goodwin, equipped with two dories. The dories were lowered, the crews began to trawl for fish. A storm came up; ship, dories and men vanished without a trace.

The dory is a flat-bottomed boat with high flaring sides, designed to ride heavy seas. Much used by fisherpeople in New England and Canadian waters, it is also referred to as a 'trawl.' The reference in verse 3 to "The Danny being a noble boat, built over spankin's new" is not clear. 'Spankin's' may be a corruption of 'spanking': the boat had been refitted, that is, from stem to stern, and was, therefore, 'spanking new.' This fits in well enough with the characterization of the Danny as 'noble.' It was no leaking, weatherbeaten tub but a fine new ship -- which made the tragedy all the worse.

Gloucester Fishing Schooner (1910)

Dories are lashed to deck

LOSS OF THE DANNY GOODWIN



Come all you people far and near, come listen to my song,
In language I'll explain to you, it won't delay you long,
Come hear about Captain Lafosse so lately has took command,
In a schooner named the Danny Goodwin from New Harbour,
Newfoundland.

They sailed away from New Harbour, to the western shore did go,
To risk their lives in dories through frost and wind and snow,
Saying good-bye to friends at home and all whom they adored,
Never dreaming that they would meet their doom upon the western shore.

It was a Monday morning, they got her under way,
The sixth day of December, a creak-cold winter's day,
She carried a crew of six fishermen, and dories he had two,
The Danny being a noble boat, built over spankin's new.

On Rose Blanche bank that morning, 'twas there he brought her to,
His dories they were lowered away as he oftentimes used to do,
Before those trawls were taken back a heavy storm did rise,
It was a hard and trialing time on those poor fisher boys.

The wind sprang from the east-southeast and bitterly did blow,
The sea it was rolling mountains high in a blinding drift of snow,
No one can tell if she came to land or under close-reef sail,
Or if she got disabled in the dreadful winter's gale.

The blow was hard for friends at home and sad news for to hear,
The loss of sons and husbands, the ones they loved so dear,
Likewise their aged mothers oh bitterly will cry,
To see their sons all leaving their homes and wishing them all good-bye.

NEWFOUNDLAND SONGS: An introductory discography

An excellent selection of Canadian folk song recordings is obtainable from the Canadian Society for Musical Traditions, formerly known as the Canadian Folk Music Society. A catalogue and records (including those listed below), are obtainable from

The CSMT Mail Order Service
510, 1701 Centre Street, N.W.
Calgary, AB, CANADA T2E 8A4

Alan Mills sings Newfoundland songs on two fine records: "Folk Songs of Newfoundland" and "We'll Rant and We'll Roar: Songs of Newfoundland." Descriptive notes included. $12.00 each. Some of the songs which Kenneth Peacock has recorded in the field are available on an invaluable record, "Songs of the Newfoundland Outports." $12.00. Peacock himself sings, on "Songs and Ballads of Newfoundland," songs which he learned from Newfoundland people during early collecting trips but was unable to record. Detailed notes are provided. $13.

"Tradition: A Sampler of Newfoundland Traditional Music" featuring local folk performers, is considered "a great introduction to traditional music of Newfoundland." $12.00.

INDEX OF NEWFOUNDLAND SONGS FROM PREVIOUS ISSUES

A La Claire Fontaine	VII:2-56
Banks of Newfoundland (British), The	IV:2-45
Barbara Allen	VI:3-87
Bonny Bunch of Roses, The	VII:2-58
Boston Come All Ye	IV:2-49
Brave Wolfe	VII:3-91
British (Yankee) Man o' War, The	II:1-07
Derby Ram, The	V:3-69
Fox, The	I:3-17
Froggie Went a-Courting	II:3-65
Geordie	VI:3-81
Golden Vanity, The	I:2-06
Gypsy Laddie, The	VI:3-77
High Germany	III:2-42
House Carpenter	VI:3-90
Hush Little Baby	II:3-55
Jam on Gerry's Rocks, The	V:2-52
Lord Franklin	IV:2-46
Lumberman's Alphabet	V:2-34
Paper of Pins	I:3-13
Peter Emberley (Amberley)	V:2-37
Rich Lady over the Sea (Revolutionary Tea)	III:1-11
Scarborough Fair (The Cambric Shirt)	I:2-10
Tarpaulin Jacket	II:2-38
Trees They Do Grow High, The	IV:1-15

On page 26, Vol. XI #3, we printed our review of Eleanor Locks, Sail Away twice. Apology for this duplication.

SONGS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES

ONE-PAGE BIBLIOGRAPHY SERIES

#2 Songs and Ballads of Newfoundland

The pioneer collection of Newfoundland traditional song is Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland, collected and edited by Elisabeth Bristol Greenleaf, with music recorded in the field by Grace Yarrow Mansfield (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1933). There is a microfilm edition by University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Mansfield and Greenleaf's work was soon supplemented by that of the noted English collector, Maud Karpeles, whose Folk Songs from Newfoundland was published by Oxford University Press (London and New York) in 1934.

Karpeles found a beautiful variant of 'The Bonny Banks of Virgie;' this has been reproduced by John Langstaff in Hi!Ho! The Rattlin' Bog and Other Folk Songs for Group Singing (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1969). Langstaff's book should be added to the books listed in #1 of this series as a 'must' for getting started. The 50 songs that he includes are arranged for piano and provided with chords for the guitar. Music teachers especially will appreciate this book.

Kenneth Peacock, Songs of the Newfoundland Outports (Ottawa: National Museum of Canada, 1965. 3 vols.) is an outstanding contribution to the collecting and recording of Newfoundland song which was undertaken in the late 1950's; it includes songs in Gaelic and French as well as English. Brief comments accompany the songs, but these are in no sense definitive. The work is available from the Queen's Printer and Controller of Stationery, Ottawa, Canada as well as from Canadian Government bookshops in Toronto and Montreal.

Songs sung in Newfoundland are also to be found in collections devoted to the Maritimes, notably Helen Creighton, Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia (New York: Dover Publications, 1966); and Maritime Folk Songs (Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1961); Edith Fulton Fowke and Richard Johnston Folk Songs of Quebec (Chansons de Quebec) [Waterloo, Ontario: Waterloo Music Company, 1957]; and W. Roy Mackenzie, Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia (1928: without music. Reissued by Folklore Associates, Hatboro, Pennsylvania, 1963)

INDEX OF BACK ISSUES (I - X)

NOTE There is a savings if you buy the entire set. Vols. I through X (along with a subscription to Vol. XI) cost $43 for an individual or $59 for a school, library, or institution. Awesome Deal!

BACK VOLUMES AND ISSUES OF FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM

Volume I	#1	Ballads
	#2	Songs of Colonial Times
	#3	Songs of the American Cowboy
II	1	Songs of the Civil War
	2	Whaling Songs
	3	Children's Songs and Lullabies
III	1	The American Revolution Through its Songs
	2	(two issues) and Ballads
	3	Songs of the Gold Rush
IV	1	Women's Songs
	2	Songs of the Sea
	3	Songs of Slavery
V	1	Songs of the Westward Movement
	2	Songs of the Lumbermen
	3	Songs About Animals and Living Creatures
VI	1	Railroad Songs
	2	Songs of the Farmers of the Plains
	3	Traditional Ballads
VII	1	Songs of the United States Constitution
	2-3	River Songs (two issues)
VIII	1	Songs of the Federal Period to 1801
	2	Jefferson and Madison and the War of 1812 (there is no third issue to Vol. VIII)
IX	1-3	Songs About Ecology
X	1	How To Get Your Students Singing
	2	People With Special Needs and Especially The Need For Song
	3	Troubled Children and Bad People Ballads

Volume XI #1 Fall 1990
FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM
John W. Scott
Holyoke, MA 01041

BULKRATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
HOLYOKE, MA
PERMIT NO. 85

Record: 00651

ERIC ACQUISITIONS
SOCIAL STUDIES DEVELOPMENT CR
2805 EAST 10TH ST. SUITE 120
BLOOMINGTON IN 47408

R

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS PAID THROUGH THIS DATE

If you are an institutional subscriber and the date is ....

June 91... make your check out for at least... $12.00.
if you are and individual subscriber... $7.00.
June 90... make your check out for at least.... $19.00.
if you are an individual subscriber.... $12.00.
June 89... make your check out for at least.... $26.00.
if you are an individual subscriber.... $17.00.
June 88... make your check out for at least.... $33.00.
if you are an individual subscriber.... $22.00.

Schools, Libraries (Purchase Orders & Institutional checks)

____Volume XI (1990-1991) $12.00. Are you a new subscriber?_____.
____Back issues $12.00 a year._____(write in years requested)
____For ONLY $59.00 you can subcribe for all 11 years. *What a fantastic deal!*

Individual Rates (personal Checks)
____Volume XI (1990-1991) $7.00. Are you a new subscriber?_____.
____Back issues $7.00 a year._____(write in years requested)
____For ONLY $43.00 you can subscribe for all 11 years. *Awesome deal!*

Microfiche available through: ERIC acquisitions
Social Studies Development Center 2805 East 10th st.
Bloomington, IN 47408

Name_____Organization_____

Street_____State_____zip_____

FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM

A NETWORK OF TEACHERS OF HISTORY, LITERATURE, MUSIC AND THE HUMANITIES · A NEWSLETTER

Editors
John W. Scott
High School of Commerce
(Springfield, Massachusetts)

John A. Scott
Fieldston School
(Bronx, New York)
& Rutgers University
(New Jersey)

Laurence Seidman
C. W. Post Center
Long Island University
(New York)

Assistant Editor
Diana Palmer
Pine Street School
(Southbridge, Massachusetts)

all communications to
John W. Scott
P.O. Box 264
Holyoke, MA 10141

Advisory Panel
Sandy Behrend, *Art Teacher*
(New Jersey)

Bill Bonyun, *Folksinger*
(Maine)

Anna Fulhart
Elementary School Teacher
(Indiana)

J. Calvin Holsinger
Evangel College of Arts and Science
(Missouri)

Toshi & Pete Seeger
(Beacon, New York)

Jenny Vincent Welles
Hispanic Folk Music Resource Person
(New Mexico)

Volume XI #2 Winter 1991

Table of Contents

Correspondence from our readers 2

MINE, MILL AND TUNNEL WORKERS
1877--1932

Introduction .....

Songs:

The Blantyre Explosion (1877) .....
Dark as a Dungeon .....
The Johnstown Flood .....
Bread and Roses 15
Solidarity 15
John Henry of Hawk's Nest 18
Ragged and Dirty Blues 18
The Death of Mother Jones (1930)..... 25

Index of Songs: Vols. I--X 27
(classified by occupation)

One-page Bibliography #3: Labor Songs 30

Supplementary Materials (Back Issues) 31

TO OUR READERS
IT IS TIME TO PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
FOR VOLUME XI, 1990 - 1991
CONSULT YOUR MAILING LABEL FOR DIRECTIONS

2

CORRESPONDENCE FROM OUR READERS

Lorna Zemke, Chair, Music Dept.,
Silver Lake College Manitowoc WI

What a musical delight it was to receive the Spring 1990 Edition of Folksong In The Classroom. I have been subscribing for quite a few years and look forward with eager anticipation to each issue.

I am a college professor of Music and teach a course entitled: Folksong History and Research each year and alternate summers on the Silver Lake College campus. Your volumes of Folksong In The Classroom are invaluable for many of the topics covered in my classes. I want you to know how much I appreciate the scholarly research of the material in your newsletter as well as the variety of topics covered in the content. I have learned a great deal from the newsletter and I simply could not imagine my subscription ever ending!

Thank you for the educational significance literally packed into each newsletter. This is not only a "delight" for history, literature, and humanities advocates, but it is a gold mine for musicians. Thank you so much, keep up the good work!

* * *

We greatly appreciate your letter, and would love to have more information about your own activities.

* * * * *

Sandy Carey Lansing MI

Greetings from Michigan! I was a subscriber several years ago, but somehow after we moved, we didn't send you our new address -- and missed you! I'm looking forward to receiving my first issue.

* * *

Welcome back. It's always a pleasure to receive a letter such as your own and we hope you continue to enjoy Folksong in the Classroom. Note: we use bulk mailing, so that the Newsletter is not forwarded when you move. Please notify us of any change of address promptly!

* * * *

Marcia Blatt Indio CA

Wonderful publication. And you are continuing the Seidman tradition with elan. No teacher I, but a dedicated researcher and folksinger who welcomes all your information. Your The Ballad of America copy in my personal library is dog-eared from constant use.

* * *

Thank you, Marcia. Laurence Seidman continues to be a valued member of our advisory board. He and John (Anthony) Scott, author of The Ballad of America, collaborated as editors of

Folksong in the Classroom from 1980 til 1990. John (W.) Scott is now editor, with the assistance of Diana Palmer and John (Anthony) Scott. We are sorry for the confusion that we John Scotts cause in the minds of our readers. The Ballad of America, 2nd edition revised, with an afterword addressed to teachers, may be obtained in an enlarged format from Southern Illinois Press, Carbondale, IL 62902. * * * *

* * * *

Linda Hitsman Canyon Country CA

I am an elementary school teacher and am looking for ways to integrate music with social studies. I recently received a copy of your Fall 1982 Volume III issue of Folksong in the Classroom from one of my music professors, Fran Ulrich at Cal State U., Northridge; and am writing to find out if the Newsletter is still being published. If so, I would be interested in subscribing; if not, I would be interested in obtaining any back issues that might be available. Being a song buff and an amateur musician, your newsletter seems to be exactly what I am looking for. * * *

We are still publishing, Linda; all back issues are available.

* * * *

Ada Park Snider Cambridge MA

Please send the entire set of back volumes to me. Does this include a subscription for 1991? * * * The answer is yes. $43.00 for all back issues includes a subscription for the current year, 1990--91.

* * * *

Clara L. Sitter University of Alaska Anchorage
Curriculum Librarian

We are developing a collection of sample magazines in the curriculum area of the University Library. The collection is a resource for teachers and students in our graduate and undergraduate programs in the School of Education. We would like to display magazines that you produce. * * * *

You may certainly display Folksong in the Classsroom as a resource for students and teachers in school libraries. Our supporters may help bring the Newsletter to the attention of others by showing it to librarians and encouraging them to subscribe. Subscribers may reproduce any or all of the material featured in our publication.

* * * *

4

MINE, MILL and TUNNEL WORKERS - 1877 - 1932

Introduction.

Perhaps 90% of all the songs we have presented in a decade of publication deal with the experience of American labor. In the Index of Songs on page 27 the reader will find these songs classified according to occupation. They mirror the daily life of American working men and women in the preindustrial age.

In this issue we offer songs of the industrial workers and the movements they created to battle for higher wages, better working conditions and a more just society. We focus especially upon the songs of the mine, mill and tunnel workers.

The labor movement became a powerful social force in the United States in the second half of the 19th century. Workers streamed by the millions into the new industrial centers and mining regions. These people were pulled in from the American countryside, from eastern Europe, the Balkans and China. They and their children were obliged to toil long hours under tormenting conditions in the mines, sweatshops, mills, and tunnels which constituted the main workplaces of an industrialized nation.

The period under consideration from 1877--1932 has been called the era of the open shop; the vast majority of all industrial workers, most of them unskilled, remained unorganized until the coming of the New Deal. The conditions of work which these people and their families endured produced pitched battles between labor and capital. The period was one of prolonged, bitter and bloody struggle for shorter hours, better pay and the right to organize and to strike in support of these demands.

Industrial workers created many songs that take us to the heart of working people's experience in that time. Our selection includes some that are famous and others little known.

'The Blantyre Explosion' and 'Dark as a Dungeon' rank among the best of the many ballads that tell about the lives of mine workers and their families and of the tragedy that engulfs them when explosions shake the pits. 'The Johnstown Flood' is the story of a mill town in Pennsylvania where steel workers and

their families lived. The town was engulfed in a cataclysm in 1889 when thousands of these working people lost their lives.

'Bread and Roses' arose out of the great textile worker's strike in the mills of Lawrence, Massachusetts in 1912. 'Solidarity Forever' was composed at the beginning of World War I. Both were products of the organizing struggles waged by the Industrial Workers of the World. Together these two songs give a picture of the American dream as it took form in the hearts and minds of workers in the union movement.

'John Henry,' a tunnel worker's song, a classic American ballad, is here linked with Blind Lemon Jefferson's 'Ragged and Dirty Blues' to tell the story of one of the major industrial calamities of the open shop era. This occurred when Union Carbide drilled a tunnel through the Hawk's Nest promontory in West Virginia in 1930--31 and hundreds of workers died from silica poisoning as a result. The Hawk's Nest story is of continuing interest in the effort to raise the level of national awareness concerning environmental health. Hawk's Nest, too, is a forerunner of the single greatest industrial disaster that the world has ever seen: the contamination and death of more than two thousand workers at Union Carbide's Bhopal plant in 1984.

'The Death of Mother Jones' mourns the passing of America's first great woman labor leader who died in 1930. Her death marked the end of an era. Her story teaches us much about the times in which she lived and the people for whom she worked.

FOR TEACHERS OF ENGLISH AS A SECOND LANGUAGE
We are happy to announce that
Sr. Duchesne Lavin has sent us 60 copies of her book
SING AND LEARN
Institutions and individuals may obtain a copy for $7. 50.
We will offer a money back guarantee (except for shipping and handling) if you are not satisfied.

6

the BLANTYRE EXPLOSION

Between 1900 and 1940 close to 70,000 miners in the United States met their deaths in mining accidents. These were caused mostly by the explosion of methane gas, the collapse of galleries, or the outbreak of pit fires where men either burned or choked to death. In that same period more than two million miners were injured on the job.

In 1877 an explosion occurred at High Blantyre on the Clyde River in Scotland which killed 200 men (the 'three hundred and ten young miners' of verse 4 is an exaggeration). The song became well known in this country, partly, no doubt, because of the brevity and simplicity with which it tells the story and partly because of the beauty of its melody -- the familiar 'Streets of Laredo' in the minor key.

Miners have composed dozens of ballads to tell the story of these disasters -- some were sung in the streets by blinded or crippled men obliged to beg for their living because they could no longer work; men who, at the same time, composed the songs that told the world of their personal tragedy and how their destitution came about.

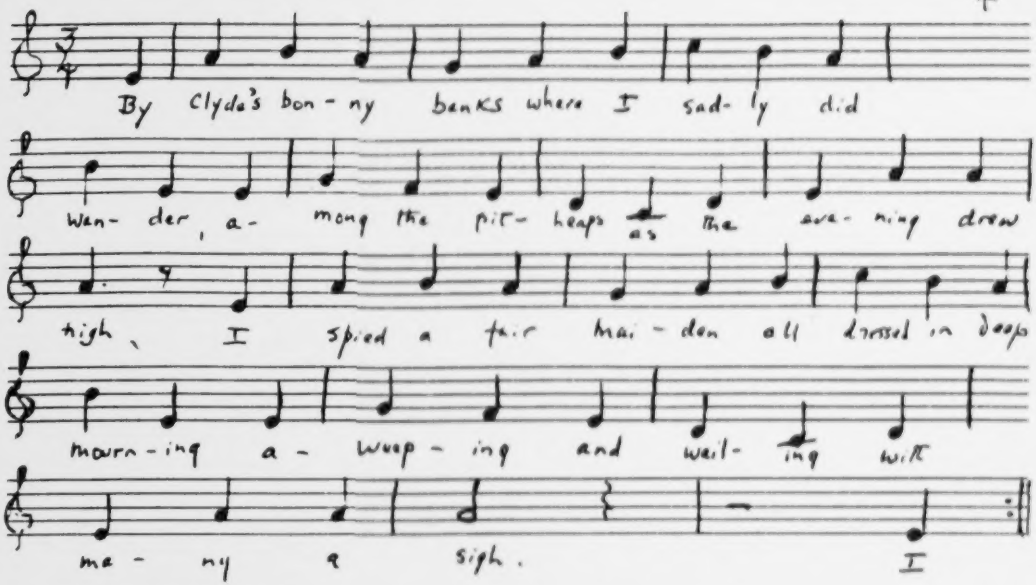
Being laid off was almost as great a hazard as accident or death. When miners lost their jobs their families suffered bitterly. 'The Miner's Prayer' tells it all.

I keep listening for the whistles in the morning,
  But the mines are still; no noise is in the air,
And the children wake up crying in the morning,
  For the cupboards are so empty and so bare.
And their little feet are oh! so cold they stumble,
  And we have to pin the rags upon their backs.
And our home is broken down and very humble,
  While the wintry wind comes pouring through each crack.

Chorus

Oh, it's hard to hear the hungry children crying
  While I have two hands that want to do their share,
Oh, you rich men in the city, won't you have a little pity,
  And just listen to a miner's prayer?

From: Pennsylvania Songs and Legends
ed. George Korson



By Clyde's bonny banks where I sadly did wander
  Among the peat heaps as evening drew nigh,
I spied a fair maiden all dressed in deep mourning
  A-weeping and wailing with many a sigh.

I stepped up beside her and thus I addressed her:
  "Pray tell me fair maid of your trouble and pain."
Sobbing and sighing at last she did answer,
  "Johnny Murphy, kind sir, was my true lover's name."

"Twenty-one years of age, full of youth and good-looking,
  To work in the mines of High Blantyre he came;
The weddingd was fixed, all the guests were invited
  That calm summer evening when Johnny was slain."

"The exposion was heard, all the women and children
  With pale anxious faces they haste to the mine,
When the truth was made known the hills rang with their mourning
  Three hundred and ten young miners was slain."

Now husbands and wives and sweethearts and brothers
  The Blantyre explosion they'll never forget;
And all you young miners that hear my sad story,
  Shed a tear for the victims who're laid to their rest."

DARK as a DUNGEON

Written by the son of a Kentucky coal miner, this song provides a vivid image of the miner's harsh life. With a fine melody and a rousing chorus, it raises questions for discussion. If mining is so hard a life why will it "form like a habit and seep in your soul?" What is "the lure of the mine" that draws a man to his own destruction? The last verse is highly imaginative, placing the miner in the perspective of the ages. When he dies the dungeon in which he has lived will be his tomb. He will look down from the gate of heaven and pity all those who follow him, doomed as the miner is to dig for eternity.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

Johnstown lies in Cambria County about 60 miles east of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania where the Little Conemaugh and Stony Creek rivers flow together to form the Conemaugh. Johnstown was little more than a country village when the Pennsylvania Railroad put through its main line from Pittsburgh to Altoona in the 1850's. After the Civil War Johnstown blossomed into a major steel producing center. Its principal employer, the Cambria Iron Company, began to operate night and day making steel for rails and barbed wire. In 1889 Cambria Iron had 7,000 workers in its huge plant with six mills, a rolling mill, open hearth furnaces and a blast furnace. The total population of the town was 30,000. The workers worked a ten or twelve hour day six and sometimes seven days a week, with a take home pay of $10.00 at most, and no union. Their lives, like those of Pennsylvania's miners, were hard and dangerous but Johnstown steel workers were better off than most miners. They lived in frame houses and in what little leisure time they had they might go hunting and fishing in the lovely wooded countryside that surrounded the bleak industrial center. Electricity or natural gas was supplied to their homes, and the streets were lit with arc lights. The workers had little love for the Cambria Iron Company but there had never yet been a strike.

Pittsburgh's steel masters, railroad magnates and bankers found the Johnstown area attractive as a summer resort for themselves and their families. In 1879 they organized a club (the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club) and created a beautiful lake at the South Fork Dam. The South Fork Dam

lay east of Johnstown 15 miles up the Little Conemaugh River. The lake was nearly three miles long and 70 feet deep in places. It was fed by mountain streams and was a lovely spot set amid the hills and pine forests. Like Johnstown itself the Fishing and Hunting Club's resort lay on the Pennsylvania Railroad's main line from Pittsburgh.

The South Fork Club was a summer paradise. The club members built themselves mansions which, in the restrained language of Gilded Age millionaires, they called 'cottages.' There was a clubhouse which seated 150 people in the dining room and where all the residents took their meals; there were stables and sailboats: imagine! sailboats in the Pennsylvania mountains only 15 miles from the heat and glare of Johnstown's foundries. "White sails," as David McCullough has written, "mov[ed] against the dark forest across a great green mirror of a lake so big that you could see miles and miles of sky in it."

The South Fork Club numbered many well-known tycoons among its members: Andrew Carnegie and Henry Clay Frick, who by 1890 were among the wealthiest and most powerful magnates in the United States; Robert Pitcairn, a top executive of the Pennsylvania Railroad; and Andrew Mellon, an ultra-wealthy Pittsburgh banker and promoter.

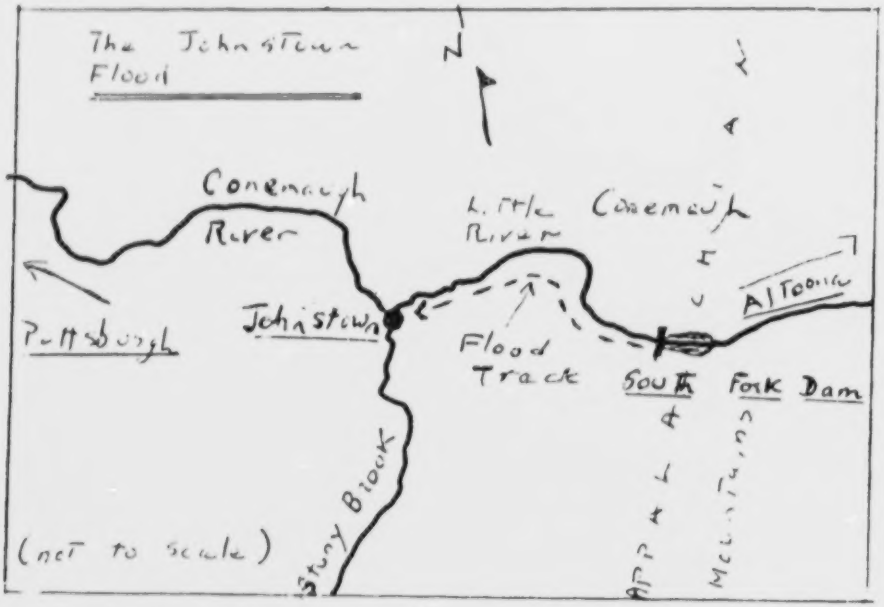
The South Fork Dam had been built before the Civil War in order to establish a reservoir that would provide water for Pennsylvania canals during the dry season. It had fallen into disuse and disrepair years before the Club took it over in 1879. The Club did not hire an engineer to make needed repairs but gave the job to a local contractor. The huge culvert at the foot of the dam that controlled the flow of water out of the old reservoir was stopped up. No discharge pipes were installed to replace the old ones that had disappeared.

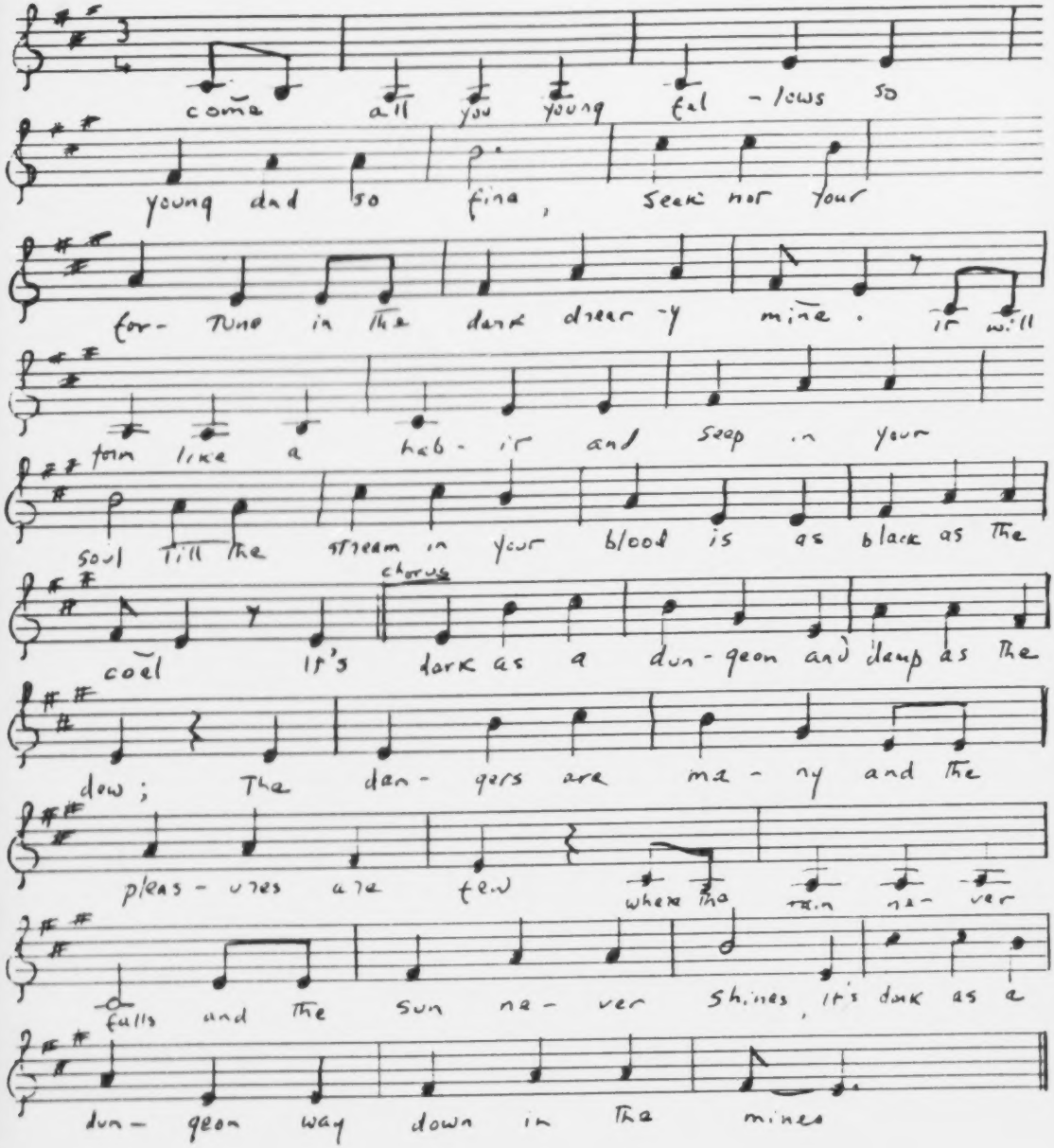
Other things were wrong with the repaired dam, but this was the bottom line. By failing to install new discharge pipes the millionaires surrendered control over the dam to nature. They were powerless to lower the water level in an emergency short of blasting the dam itself. Their hasty reconstruction cost them only $17,000, less than one-quarter of the sum that Cambria Iron paid out in wages each week to its workers. The drop between the dam and the city of Johnstown was 450 feet.

70 million tons of water, pent up in the mountains, was an accident waiting to happen.

Heavy spring rains are frequent in that part of Pennsylvania. Torrential downpours occurred in the spring of 1889. The waters rose and poured across the sagging brow of the dam which disintegrated. The Club's lake swept down the valley and annihilated Johnstown in an hydraulic holocaust.The horrors of the flood were compounded when debris, piled up at the stone bridge in Johnstown, caught fire, and those trapped in the wreckage burned to death in the furnace. 2,200 people died: steel workers, steel workers' wives and children, and townspeople.

The victims were hastily buried in Grandview Cemetery. Hundreds of graves are marked by simple stones with no names upon them. The people who rest there are German, Welsh, Jewish, Scots-Irish, Irish, and African-American.




come all you young fel - lows so
young and so fine, seek not your
for- tune in the dark drear -y mine. it will
turn like a hab - it and seep in your
soul till the stream in your blood is as black as the
coal it's dark as a dun - geon and deep as the
chorus
dew; the dan - gers are ma - ny and the
pleas - ures are few where the rain ne - ver
falls and the sun ne - ver shines, it's dark as a
dun - geon way down in the mines

12

Come all you young fellows, so brave and so fine,
Seek not your fortune way down in the mine,
It will form like a habit and seep in your soul,
Til the stream of your blood runs as black as the coal,

chorus

It's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew,
Where the dangers are many and the pleasures are few,
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines,
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines.

There is many a man I have seen in my day,
Who lived just to labor his whole life away,
Like the fiend for his dope and the drunkard his wine,
A man must have lust for the lure of the mine.

chorus

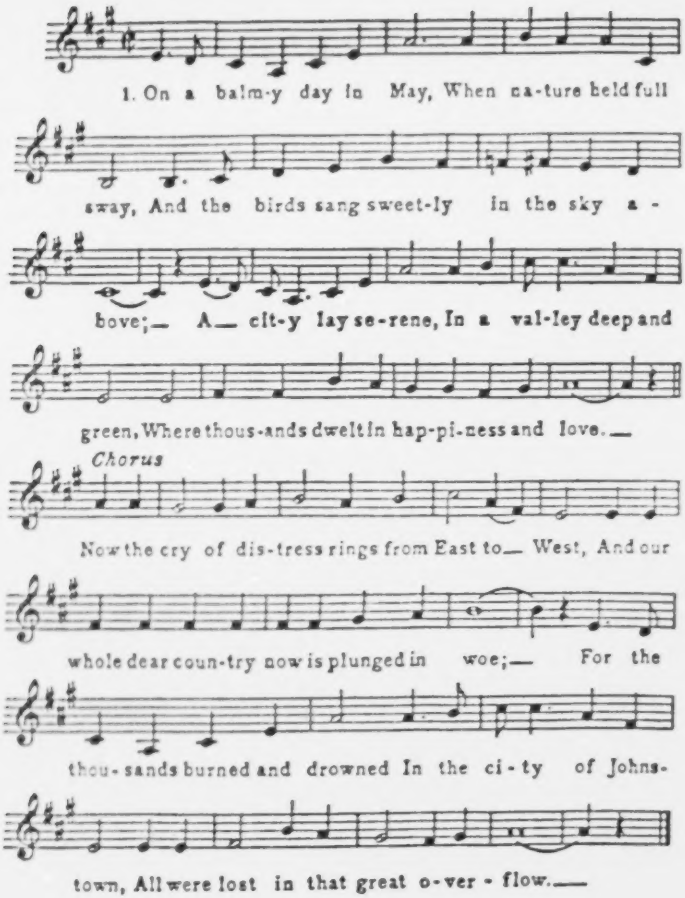
I hope when I'm dead and the ages shall roll,
My body will blacken and turn into coal,
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home,
And pity the miner a-digging my bones.

chorus

Source for, The Blantyre Explosion
and, Dark as a Dungeon -
Songs of Work and Freedom
Ed: Folk and Glazer

13

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD



1 On a balmy day in may,
When nature held full sway,
And the birds sang sweetly in the sky above;
A city lay serene
In a valley deep and green,
Where thousands dwelt in happiness and love.
chorus:
Now the cry of distress
Rings from East to West,
And our whole dear country now is plunged in woe;
For the thousands burned and drowned
In the city of Johnstown
All were lost in that great overflow.

2. Ah! but soon the scene was changed;
For just like a thing deranged,
A storm came crashing through the quiet town;
And the wind it raved and shrieked,
Thunder rolled and lightning streaked;
But the rain it poured in awful torrents down.

chorus

3. Like the Paul Revere of old
Came a rider brave and bold;
On a big bay horse he was flying like a deer;
And he shouted warning shrill
"Quickly! fly off to the hills."
But the people smiled and showed no signs of fear.

4. Ah! but e'er he turned away --
This brave rider and the bay
And the many thousand souls he tried to save;
They had no time to spare,
Nor to offer up a prayer,
They were hurried now into a watery grave.

5. Fathers, mothers, children all --
Both the young, old, great, and small --
They were thrown about like chaff before the wind;
When the fearful raging flood
Rushing where the city stood,
Left thousands dead and dying there behind.

6. Now the cry of fire arose
Like the scream of battling foes,
For that dreadful sick'ning pile was now on fire;
As they poured out prayers to heaven
They were burned as in an oven,
And that dreadful pile formed their funeral pyre.

source; George Korson, ed.,
Pennsylvania Songs and Legends

BREAD & ROSES
SOLIDARITY FOREVER

At the beginning of the 20th century the organization of America's industrial workers as opposed to craft workers had won little success. As a result the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) was organized in 1905. It attracted militant and talented union organizers. Ideologically the IWW was socialist; its stated aim was to rid the United States of the wage system; but what the IWW did was more significant than its rhetoric. It organized workers into unions from one end of the country to the other, from the lumber woods of the far west to the textile mills of the east. It sought in this struggle to unite all workers in a given industry, regardless of race, creed, place of birth, or color. Here the IWW pioneered in launching campaigns against racism and sexism at the same time as it conducted strikes.

In an era when the Bill of Rights was more honored by neglect than by observance, the IWW launched memorable campaigns in defense of the First Amendment and of worker's rights to freedom of speech. When organizers were jailed in the state of Washington for daring to 'talk union' on the streets, IWW members converged upon the state from every part of the country, and 'sat in' for the right to speak. The message was one that many workers never forgot: the very thought of social change is a mirage if you are not free to associate with others in thinking, talking, debating and advocating. 'Freedom of speech,' said the IWW, 'is the bottom line: no democracy and no social progress is possible without it.'

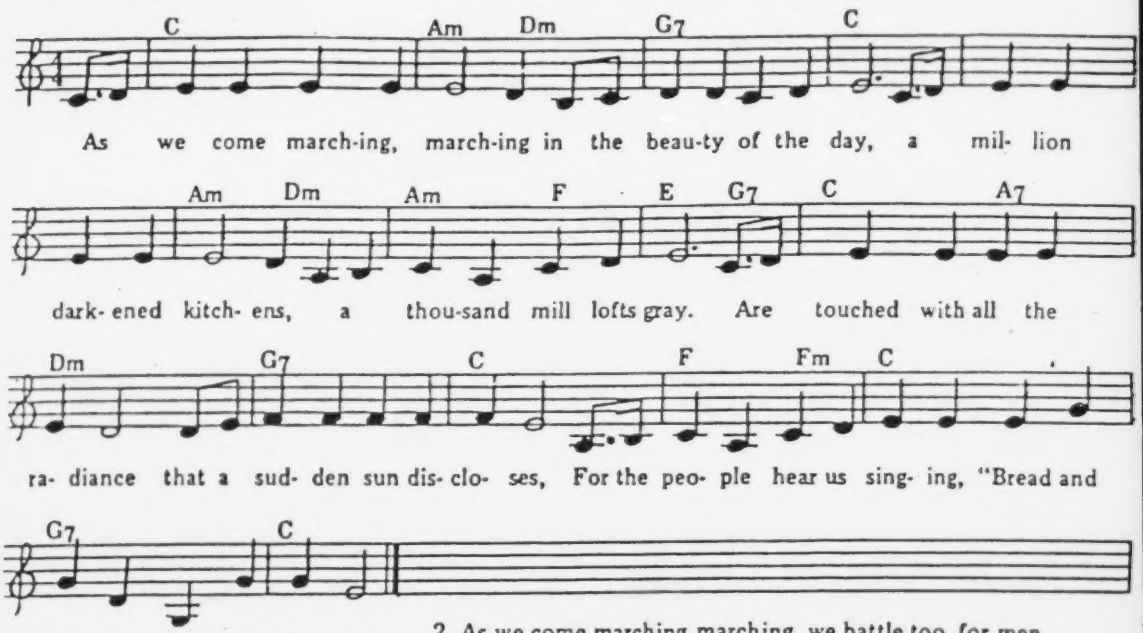
Among the best remembered of the struggles which the IWW organized is the strike of the textile mill workers at Lawrence, Massachusetts in 1912. Lasting two months, from January 12 to March 12, the strike ended in a sweeping victory. Immigrant workers were involved, German, Italian, French-Canadian, Syrian, Jewish and Greek, and women as well as men. The IWW urged the women to 'man' the picketlines and to attend meetings, to struggle as equals alongside the men. As for the children the IWW sent them off to other cities so that they would not have to suffer under strike conditions in the bitter winter.

'Bread and Roses' is an IWW song that grew out of the Lawrence strike. Taken with 'Solidarity Forever,' it gives a picture of the American dream that was forming in the hearts of working people as they struggled for a better life at this time.

16

Bread and Roses

Words by James Oppenheim
Music by Caroline Kohlsaat



2. As we come marching, marching, we battle too, for men,
For they are women's children and we mother them again.
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes,
Hearts starve as well as bodies:
Give us bread but give us roses.

3. As we come marching, marching, unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient songs of bread.
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew.
Yest, it is bread that we fight for,
But we fight for roses, too.

4. As we come marching, marching, we bring the Greater Days,
The rising of the women means the rising of the race.
No more the drudge and idler, ten that toil where one reposes,
But a sharing of life's glories,
Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses.

SOLIDARITY FOREVER

When the union's inspiration through the worker's blood shall run
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun;
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one
But the union makes us strong.

chorus Solidarity for ever! (three times)
For the union makes us strong.

It is we who ploughed the prairies, built the cities where they trade,
Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless miles of railroad laid,
Now we stand outcast and starving midst the wonders we have made,
But the union makes us strong.

chorus

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel could turn,
We can break their haughty power, earn our freedom when we learn
That the union makes us strong.

chorus

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold,
Greater than the might of armies magnified a thousand fold;
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old,
For the union makes us strong.

chorus

(to the tune of John Brown's Body)

JOHN HENRY of HAWK'S NEST RAGGED and DIRTY BLUES

After the Civil War the railroads began to put their lines through the Appalachian and Rocky mountains. Key to this operation were the skilled workers who drove their steel rods into sandstone and shale at the tunnel face. The holes thus drilled were packed with dynamite. Successive explosions blasted the tunnel through the mountain. Work gangs cleaned up the debris, and carted it away. Drilling then began again.

The steel drivers worked in teams of two: one man to wield the sledgehammer, the other to hold the drill with tongs, and turn and reseat it after each blow. The drills were an inch in diameter and might be anywhere from 4 to 14 feet in length. The job of the 'shaker' -- the man who held and turned the drill -- was a dangerous one. If the steel driver was not accurate in his aim, he could smash his shaker's bones into pulp.

Though initially the danger from explosions were greater, the hazard from the less obvious air-born pollutants were also lethal. Chronic or prolonged exposure to the dust-laden air could result in silicosis that ate away the lungs, producing complications like pneumonia and resulting eventually in death. In the beginning silicosis was not perceived as too much of a problem. The pace of the work, when the drilling was done by hand, was relatively slow. Water could be sprayed to settle the dust, or the workers might wait at the tunnel mouth until the air was clear.

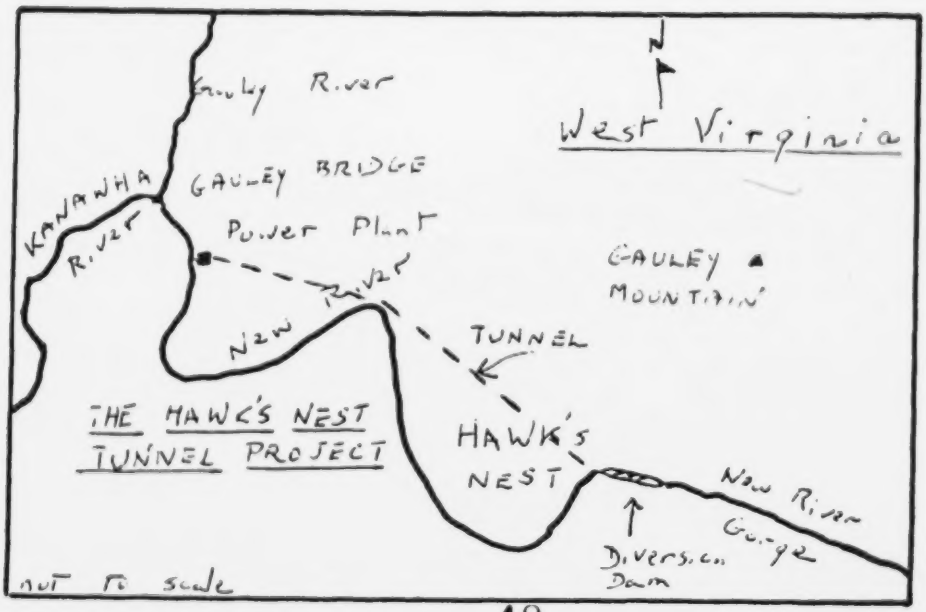
'John Henry' celebrates the deeds of a black worker said to have met his death while working in the Big Bend Tunnel about 1873 in West Virginia. The tunnel, near the Greenbriar River, was being drilled for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Henry died, according to the song, facing down a new steam-driven hammer drill. This was a machine that, once introduced, made steel-driving men obsolete in the tunneling business. The song is considered to rank among the greatest ballads in the English-speaking tradition, a struggle of man against machine.

Tunnel work proceeded more rapidly when the steel-driving men and their shakers were replaced by the hammer drill. But the demand for tunnel workers grew greater. Unskilled workers, now, were needed in larger numbers to handle the debris. The

pace of work intensified further with the invention of the pneumatic drill. A dozen or more workers could be put to work at the rock face, all operating their drills at the same time.

In 1917 a number of metallurgical companies merged to form the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation. Union Carbide began to plan an ambitious extension of its operations in West Virginia -- a state where abundant mineral and energy resources were available for its metallurgical operations. Union Carbide also began to acquire the sites that it needed for the generation of hydro-electric power on a massive scale.

One of these sites was on the New River, not far upstream from where it joins the Gauley River to form the Kanawha. Here Union Carbide planned to divert river water into a reservoir and from there into a tunnel. This tunnel was to be drilled through a spectacular promontory known as the Hawk's Nest. Over three miles in length it was to run in a northwesterly direction and to emerge further down the New River at a power plant that Union Carbide planned to build close to Gauley Bridge. (SEE SKETCH MAP)



Through its full length the tunnel would drop over 160 feet. The power station, as Dr. Martin Cherniak has written, "would convert the caged ferocity of the water into electrical power."* The power, carried over cables, would provide the energy needed to operate Union Carbide's giant new metallurgical plant at Boncar, located further down stream. Boncar would produce ferrosilicon for making silicon steel, used in the manufacture of electro-magnets. (* See Bibliography, page 30).

Work on the tunnel began in March 1930 five months after the Depression had begun. Jobless people were pouring onto the streets by the tens of thousands. The contractor, Rinehart and Dennis Co., was a Southern firm skilled in tunnel construction. The firm made the lowest bid and won the contract. Two-thirds of the total work force which Rinehart recruited - 3,200 out of 4,900 workers approximately -- were unskilled migrant black workers from various states in the South: from the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and Florida. The migrants were jobless, poverty-stricken people. Some were single, others came with their families. Rinehart housed them in company-run camps where they were segregated from white workers.

As work proceeded men began to sicken and die. Much of the rock was pure silica and continuous high-velocity drilling produced huge clouds of dust. The resultant silicosis was unprecedented in its virulence. Nonetheless the tunnel was completed by the end of 1931, well before the expiration of the two-year period that the contract stipulated. The camps were closed; their job done, the black migrant workers vanished as silently as they had come.

In 1932 and 1933 Fayette County courts were deluged with damage suits filed against Rinehart and Union Carbide. Hundreds of these suits never came to trial for various reasons. Others were settled out of court. Rinehart and the local attorneys for the plaintiffs agreed that $140,000 should be provided and divided among the victims and their families in accordance with the following schedule:

$400 maximum for an unmarried black man, $800 for an unmarried white man. $600 for a married black man, $1,000

for a married white man. The families of whites who had died to receive an additional $600.

The amount of compensation, in other words, was to be determined not by the severity of the damage inflicted but by the victim's race and marital status. Claimants and their families won a token settlement. In return for this Rinehart required that all case records in possession of the plaintiffs' attorneys be turned over to the contractor. Thus a crucial part of the medical evidence was suppressed.

Dr. Cherniak has estimated that death claimed 764 victims, both black and white, within five years following the completion of the project. At a conservative estimate 27% of all men who worked in the Hawk's Nest tunnel died on the job or as a result of the contamination they suffered there. This figure, Cherniak points out, is probably too low. Many of the deaths that occurred in Fayette county when the workers were living in the camps (1930-31) went unreported. As George Robison, a black worker, informed a congressional committee in 1935: "Many of the men died in the tunnel camps; they died in hospitals, under rocks, and in every place else."

'John Henry' provides a human dimension for the faceless, voiceless, anonymous migrants who came to Hawk's Nest. We reproduce here one other song,'Ragged and Dirty Blues,' that helps give a picture of these people.

Poverty and discrimination doomed many Southern black workers during the early 20th century to a migrant life accompanied by hard and dangerous labor at low pay. The sufferings of these migrants found expression in the blues. 'Ragged and Dirty Blues' enjoyed a wide circulation in the South before Blind Lemon Jefferson brought it from Texas to Chicago in the 1920's. It calls to mind 'Wandering,' another lament sung by jobless migrants during the Great Depression. Here too is a fitting epitaph for the homeless wanderers who came to Hawk's Nest:

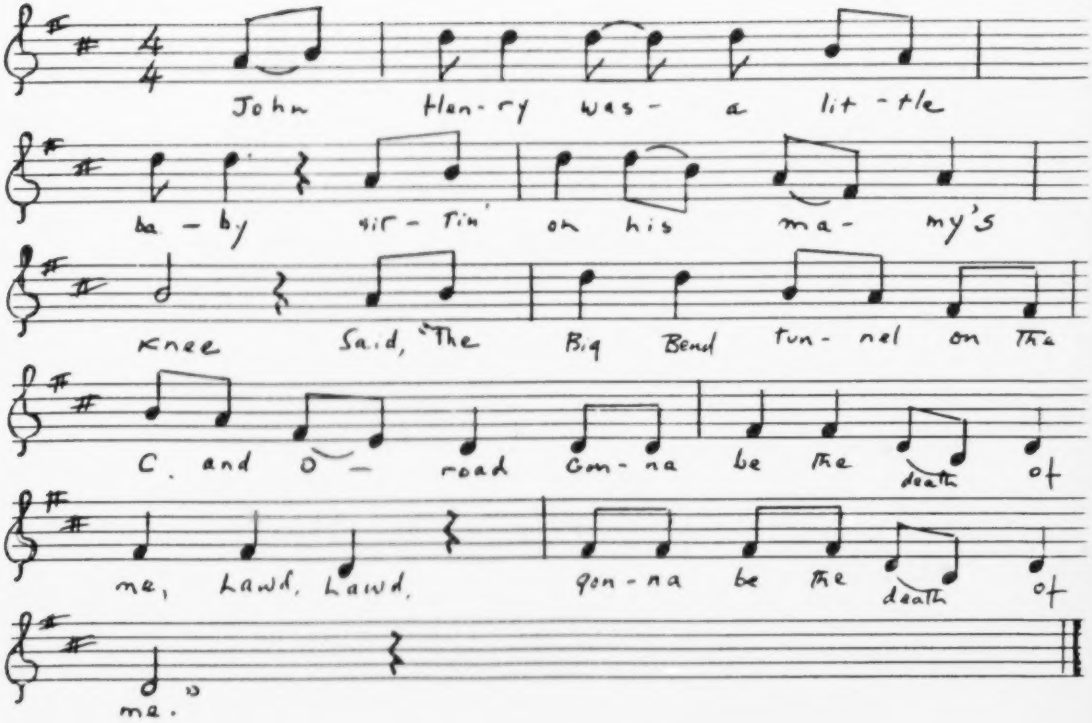
I've been wandering far and wide,
I come with the wind, and I drift with the tide,
And it looks like I'm never going to cease my wandering.

end

22

JOHN HENRY

From: Best Loved American Folk Songs
Ed. John + Alan Lomax



John Henry was a little baby,
Sittin' on his mammy's knee,
Said, "The Big Bend tunnell on the C. and O. road
Gonna be the death of me,
Lawd, Lawd, gonna be the death of me."

John Henry had a little woman
And her name was Polly Anne,
John Henry took sick and he had to go to bed,
Polly Anne drove steel like a man,
Lawd, Lawd, Polly Anne drove steel like a man.

Cap'n says to John Henry,
"Gonna bring me a steam drill 'round,
Gonna take that steam drill out on the job,
Gonna whop that steel on down,
Lawd, Lawd, gonna whop that steel on down."

John Henry told his cap'n,
Said, "A man ain't nothing but a man,
And befo' I'd let that steam drill beat me down
I'd die with this hammer in my hand,
Lawd, Lawd, I'd die with this hammer in my hand."

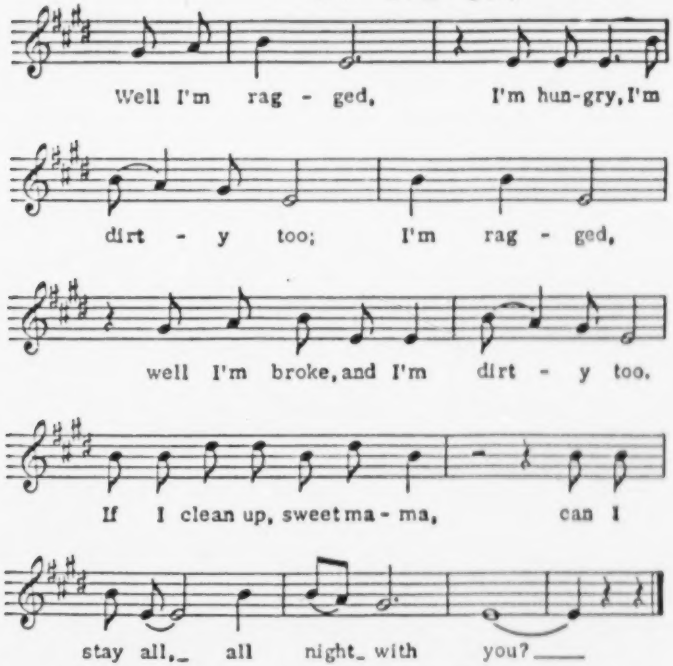
Sun were hot and burnin',
Weren't no breeze at all,
Sweat ran down like water down a hill,
That day John let his hammer fall,
Lawd, Lawd, that day John let his hammer fall.

White man told John Henry,
"Nigger, damn yo' soul,
You may beat dis steam and drill of mine,
When the rocks in the mountains turn to gold,
Lawd, Lawd, when the rocks in the mountains turn to gold."

Well some said-a he's from England,
And some say he's from Spain;
But-uh I say he's nothin' but a Lou's'ana man,
Just a leader of the steel-drivin' gang,
Lawd, Lawd, just a leader of the steel-drivin' gang.

RAGGED & DIRTY BLUES

From: Ballad of America
ed. J. A. Scott



2. Well I'm motherless, I'm fatherless, I'm sisterless, I'm brotherless too;
I'm motherless, I'm fatherless, I'm sisterless, I'm brotherless too.
That's why I tried so hard (mmm) to make this, this trip with you.

3 Well they tell me that graveyard is a long ole lonesome place.
That graveyard, well, it's a long ole lonesome place;
They put you six foot under, (mmm) then they throw clay in your face.

4 Well I'm tired of living, honey, I don't know what to do;
I'm tired of living, honey, I don't know what to do.
Your tired of me (mmm) and I'm—I'm tired of you.

5. Well down that road somewhere, honey, down that road somewhere;
Down that road somewhere, well down that road somewhere,
I'll find me a good woman (mmm), I won't have to roam, roam no more.

THE DEATH OF MOTHER JONES

25

Mother Jones, born Mary Harris, was probably 100 years of age when she died in 1930. Her lifetime spanned the huge change that transformed the United States from a nation of 12 million farmers to one of 120 million city dwellers. Petite, fair-haired and absolutely fearless, she was a labor evangelist who shared her life with working men and women, inspiring them with a will to struggle for human rights and the union cause.

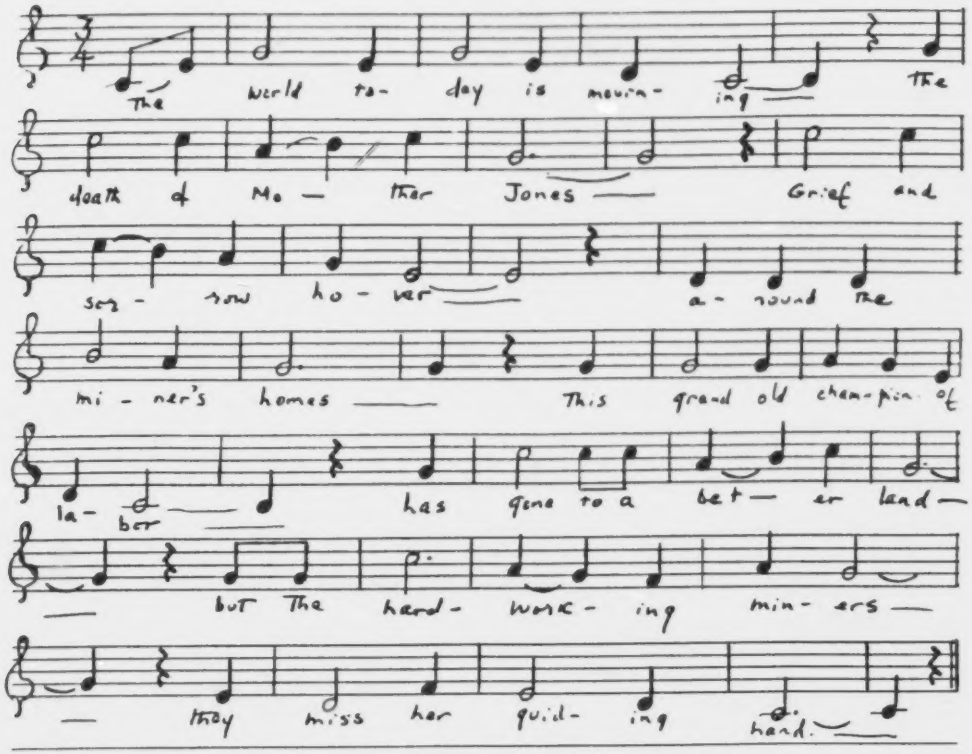
Mary Harris was the daughter of a railroad and canal worker. She and her family were Irish immigrants who arrived in America in the 1830's. Raised in Toronto, Harris became first a school teacher then a Chicago dressmaker. She married George Jones, an iron molder, in 1861 and settled in Memphis, Tennessee. The couple had four children, but in 1867 George and the children perished in an epidemic of yellow fever, and Mary Jones went back to Chicago. Little is known about her life during the 20 years following that tragedy.

Early in the 1890's Mary Jones emerged as a union organizer. Thereafter she devoted her existence to the miner's cause, and above all, to the miners of West Virginia. Jones, in other words, was 60 years of age when she began the career that would win her the love of millions and the title of 'mother.'

In 1900 Mother Jones went to work in a cotton mill in Cottondale, Alabama. She wanted to see for herself if "the gruesome stories of little children working in the mills were true." It was an experience that changed her. She awoke to the enormity of the tragedy that doomed tens of thousands of child-slaves to toil in America's mines and mills. Three years later, in May 1903, she placed herself at the head of a march of child textile-mill workers from Philadelphia to Oyster Bay in New York (where President Roosevelt lived) to publicize and protest child labor in America. This crusade won nationwide attention and was instrumental in speeding the formation of the National Child Labor Committee in New York City early in 1904.

George Korson recorded 'The Death of Mother Jones' in West Virginia in 1940. The authorship of the song is unknown.

THE DEATH OF MOTHER JONES



The world today is mourning the death of Mother Jones;
Grief and sorrow hover around the miners' homes.
This grand old champion of labor has gone to a better land,
But the hard working miners will miss her guiding hand.

Over hills and through valleys in every mining town
Mother Jones was ready to help them, she never turned them down.
Out front with the striking miners she always could be found,
And received a hearty welcome in every mining town.

She was fearless of every danger, she hated that which was wrong:
She never gave up fighting until her breath was gone.
May the miners all work together to carry out her plan,
And bring back better conditions for every laboring man.

(1) Songs of African-American workers in slavery and in the struggle for freedom

All God's Children Got Shoes IV: 3-74
All My Trials IV: 1-14
Another Man Done Gone X: 2-21
Desponding Negro, the V111: 1-12
Follow the Drinking Gourd IV: 3-72
Go Down Moses 1V: 3-73
Grey Goose, The 11: 3-62
He's Got the Whole World in His Hands X: 2-12
Hushabye 11: 3-56
I'm On My Way 1V: 3-76
John Henry V111: 2-55
Keep Your Hand on the Plough (Eyes on the Prize) X: 2-19
Long Summer Day 1V: 3-64
Man Going Round 1V: 2-66
Many Thousand Gone 11: 1-15
Michael Row the Boat Ashore 1V: 3-70
Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen 1V: 3-71
No More Cane on the Brazos V11: 2-71
No More My Lord 1: 1-03
Oh Freedom 1V: 3-78 & X: 2-20
Pick a Bale of Cotton 1V: 3-63
St. James Hospital X: 3-17
Sold Off to Georgy 1V: 3-67
Sometimes I feel Like a Motherless Child 1V: 3-66
Swing Low Sweet Chariot X: 2-09
Steal Away 1V: 3-75
Take This Hammer V11: 1-20
We Shall Overcome X: 2-18

(2) Songs of the lumber workers

Jam on Gerry's Rock V: 2-52
Lumberman's Alphabet V: 2-34
Michigan-I-O V: 2-48
Once More a-Lumbering Go V: 2-40
Peter Emberley V: 2-37
Shantyman's Life V: 2-45
Shantyboy and the Farmer's Son V: 2-42
Les Raftsmen V: 2-36
Wild Colonial Boy V: 2-43

28

(3) Songs of the seafarers

Banks of Newfoundland	IV: 2-45
Blood Red Roses	IV 2-39
Boney Was a Warrior	1V: 2-34
Bonny Ship the Diamond	11: 2-38
Boston Come All Ye	IV: 2-49
Bound for the Rio Grande	IV: 2-42
Constitution and the Guerriere	V111: 2-64
Golden Vanity	1: 2-06
Greenland Fisheries	11: 2-30
Haul Away Joe	1V: 2:35
Heave Away My Johnnies	11: 2-35
John, John	V111: 2-55
Leave Her, Johnny Leave Her	11: 1-09
Lord Franklin	1V: 2-46
Lowlands	1V: 2-38
Lowlands of Holland	11: 1-09
Michael Row the Boat Ashore	1V: 3-70
Off to Sea Once More	11: 2-42
Paul Jones	111: 2-43
Roll Alabama Roll	11: 1-18
Rolling Home	11: 2-40
Santy Anna	111: 3-72
Shenandoah	1V: 2-41
Sir Patrick Spens	V1: 3-93
We'll Rant and We'll Roar	11: 2-41
What Shall We Do with the Drunken Sailor ?	11: 3-53

(4) Songs of the railroad workers

A Railroader for Me	V1: 1-12
Casey Jones	V1: 1-16
Nine Hundred Miles/Five Hundred Miles	V1: 1-14
Paddy Works on the Railroad	V1: 1-09
This Train	V1: 1-13
Wabash Cannon Ball	V1: 1-18
Workingman's Train	V1: 1-19

(5) Songs of the cattledrivers

Colorado Trail	1X: 2-74
Cowboy's Lament (Streets of Laredo; St James Hos.)	X: 3-15,17
Down by the Brazos	1: 4-22
Git Along Little Dogies	1: 4-18
Goodbye Old Paint	1: 4-12
I Ride an Old Paint	1: 4-15
Gypsy Laddie	V1: 3-77

(6) Songs of Pioneers and Farmers

Ballad of Peter Gray	V11: 3-92
Cumberland Gap	V: 1-10
Days of '49	111: 3-78
Dying Californian	111: 3-77
El-a-noy	V1: 2-38
Farmer is the Man	V1: 2-57
Fools of '49	111: 3-71
For California	111: 3-79
Three Jolly Hunters	V: 1-21
Little Old Sod Shanty	V1: 2-59
Logan's Complaint	V: 1-14
Old Joe Clark	V: 1-17
Old Man in the Woods	1: 3-07
Pleasant Ohio	V: 1-20
St. Clair's Defeat	V: 1-15
Skip to my Lou	V1: 2-56
Sow Took the Measles	V1: 2-42
Starving to Death on my Government claim	V1: 2-47
To the West	V11: 1-16
Uncle Sam's Farm	V1: 2-40
Wisconsin Emigrant	1V: 1-11
She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain	X: 1-16

(7) Songs of women

All My Trials	1V: 1-14
Bonnie Lass of Fyvie	1V: 1-09
Castle of Dromore	1: 1-05
Deirin De	1: 3-15
Geordie	V1: 3-81
High Germany	111: 2-42
Housewife's Lament	1V: 1-19
Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier	111: 2-42
Lord Franklin	1V: 2-46
Lowlands of Holland (Yankee Man of War)	11: 1-09
Mill Mother's Lament	1V: 1-18
Mrs. McGrath	1V: 1-10
No More My Lord	1: 1-03
Old Man in the Woods	1: 3-07
Single Girl	1V: 1-12
Two Sisters (Binorie)	V111: 1-31
Wisconsin Emigrant	1V: 1-11
Young Ladies in Town	111: 1-07

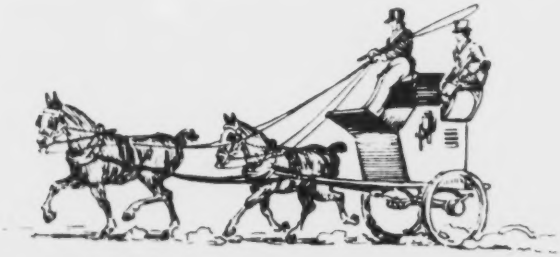
ONE-PAGE BIBLIOGRAPHIES SERIES

3 Songs and History of the Labor Movement

As sources for labor and its history from the time of the Civil War to the outbreak of World War 11, two books by Milton Meltzer are hard to beat: Bread and Roses: the Struggle of American Labor 1865--1915 and Brother Can You Spare a Dime? The Great Depression 1929--1933 (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1969 and 1969; reissed by Facts on File 1990). See also Ronald D. Eller's fine study Miner's Millhands, and Mountaineers: Industrialization of the Appalachian South, 1880--1930 (Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1982; available in paperback).

The story of the Johnstown Flood is told superbly in David G. McCullough's book of that name (London: Hutchinson, 1968; available in paperback). Mother Jones the Miners' Angel is a biography of the great labor leader by Dale Featherling (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1974). For the story of Hawk's Nest see Martin Cherniak, M.D., The Hawk's Nest Incident: America's Worst Industrial Disaster (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1986; available in paperback).

Edith Fowke and Joe Glazer, Songs of Work and Freedom (Garden City, New York: Dolphin Books, 1960); and Pete Seeger and Bob Reiser, Carry It On! A history in Song and Picture of America's Working Men and Women (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1985) are treasuries of union songs. The first of these books has piano accompaniments, the second has fine pictures. Some of Woody Guthrie's best songs are available in California to the New York Island (New York: Oak Publications, 1960). George Korson has a chapter on the songs of Pennsylvania miners in Pennsylvania Songs and Legends (Baltimore: the Johns Hopkins Press, 1960; edited by George Korson). A selection of labor songs -- including the songs of immigrant, black, and migrant workers -- is provided in John Anthony Scott, The Ballad of America (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1984).



Vol I	#1	Objectives
	2	Ballads
	3	Songs of Colonial Times
	4	Songs of the Cowboy
II	1	Songs of the Civil War
	2	Whaling Songs
	3	Children's Songs and Lullabies
III	1 & 2	The American Revolution through its Songs & Ballads
	3	Songs of the Gold Rush
IV	1	Women's Songs
	2	Songs of the Sea
	3	Songs of Slavery
V	1	Songs of the Westward Movement
	2	Songs of the Lumbermen
	3	Songs about Animals & Living Creatures
VI	1	Railroad Songs
	2	Songs of the Farmers of the Plains
	3	Traditional Ballads
VII	1	Songs of the United States Constitution
	2 & 3	River Songs
VIII	1	Songs of the Federal Period to 1801
	2	Jefferson, Madison & the War of 1812
IX	1, 2, 3	Songs about the Environment
X	1	How to Get Your Students Singing
	2	Songs for People with Special Needs
	3	Troubled Children and Bad People Ballads

Volumes I through X, including a subscription to Vol. XI, cost $43 for an individual or $59 for a school, library, or other institution. You save by buying the whole set.

FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM
P.O. BOX 264, Holyoke, MA 01041

BULKRATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
HOLYOKE, MA
PERMIT NO. 85

Record: 00664

JANE HENSON ASST DIR
ERIC CLEARING HOUSE FOR SS
2805 E 10 ST SUITE 120
BLOOMINGTON IN 47405

JUNE 90

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS PAID THROUGH THIS DATE

If you are an institutional subscriber and the date is ....

June 91... make your check out for at least... $12.00.
if you are and individual subscriber... $7.00.
June 90... make your check out for at least.... $19.00.
if you are an individual subscriber.... $12.00.
June 89... make your check out for at least.... $26.00.
if you are an individual subscriber.... $17.00.
June 88... make your check out for at least.... $33.00.
if you are an individual subscriber.... $22.00.

Schools, Libraries (Purchase Orders & Institutional checks)

___Volume XI (1990-1991) $12.00. Are you a new subscriber?_____.
___Back issues $12.00 a year._____(write in years requested)
___For ONLY $59.00 you can subcribe for all 11 years. *What a fantastic deal!*

Individual Rates (personal Checks)

____Volume XI (1990-1991) $7.00. Are you a new subscriber?_____.
____Back issues $7.00 a year._____(write in years requested)
____For ONLY $43.00 you can subscribe for all 11 years. *Awesome deal!*

Microfiche available through: ERIC acquisitions
Social Studies Development Center 2805 East 10th st.
Bloomington, IN 47408

Name_____Organization_____

Street_____State_____zip_____

FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM

A NETWORK OF TEACHERS OF HISTORY, LITERATURE, MUSIC AND THE HUMANITIES - A NEWSLETTER

Editors
John W. Scott
High School of Commerce
(Springfield, Massachusetts)

John A. Scott
Fieldston School
(Bronx, New York)
& Rutgers University
(New Jersey)

Laurence Seidman
C. W. Post Center
Long Island University
(New York)

Assistant Editor
Diana Palmer
Pine Street School
(Southbridge, Massachusetts)

all communications to
John W. Scott
P.O. Box 264
Holyoke, MA 10141

Advisory Panel
Sandy Behrend, *Art Teacher*
(New Jersey)

Bill Bonyun, *Folksinger*
(Maine)

Anna Fulhart
Elementary School Teacher
(Indiana)

J. Calvin Holsinger
Evangel College of Arts and Science
(Missouri)

Toshi & Pete Seeger
(Beacon, New York)

Jenny Vincent Welles
Hispanic Folk Music Resource Person
(New Mexico)

Volume XI #3 Spring 1991 Copyright

Individuals	$7.00
Institutions	12.00
Foreign	8.00

Table of Contents

Correspondence 2
Subscription Rates: a Correction.....4

SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS
by John A. Scott

Editorial 5

Songs

How Stands the Glass Around? 7,9
The Wars of High Germany 8,10
Bucking and Gagging 11,12
John, John 11,13
John Brown of Massachusetts 14
A Plaint 16
Virginia's Bloody Soil 16,18
Mademoiselle from Armentières 19,20
Peat Bog Soldiers 19,22
Where Have All the Flowers Gone? 24

Bread! by Käthe Kollwitz 27
Review: Ron Klug's, "America" 28
One-page Bibliography 29
Index of Soldier Songs in Back Issues 30
Back Volumes and Issues 31
Address and Subscription Page 32

TO OUR READERS: REMINDER.
YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FOR VOLUME XI
MAY BE DUE! SEE BACK COVER

Peggy Hunziel. Ridgeville IN

I have left teaching -- too much stress, too little time for living a life. Nothing has given me more pleasure in teaching than the incorporation of music into my history curriculum. FITC was an invaluable tool which I used from its beginning after being in a workshop with Tony and Laurie at Brown Co., IN in '75 or '76.

I used music with particularly good effect in teaching the American Revolution and sea-going songs to 8th graders, and in teaching W.W. I and W.W. II to 11th graders. It gets harder as students get older and more sophisticated, but it always worked well with some, often those you reach in no other way. [I had] a couple of boys with whom music accomplished understanding as nothing else did. * * * *

Thank you, Peggy, very much for your letter. We remember the Brown County workshop very well and the great inspiration that you and all the teachers there gave us. We are specially interested in your comment about using song to teach the World Wars. Our own experience is that soldiers' songs are indispensable in providing young people with the human meaning of war. Never have we seen young people so profoundly moved as they have been by the message of these songs. Warmest good wishes for health and happiness in years to come.

* * * * *

Barbara Gibney Haller. Holland, MA

Doing a hell of a job -- really enjoy your work. How about an issue on chickens? Oceans of love. * * *

Good idea! Vol. V #3 dealt with Animals, but the only bird included was the turtle dove. We will explore an issue on bird song and birds in human song (birds both domesticated and wild).

* * * * *

Judy Caplan Ginsburgh. Alexandria, LA

Just received two back issues of your Folk Song in the Classroom Newsletter and all I can say is WOW! What a find! I am a professional singer who specializes in traditional music and presenting it to teachers and children and their families. I have recently received some grant money to do a project in our public school system using folk songs to teach American history. I cannot tell you how much valuable information I have received through you -- my research will be helped tremendously. I will know about the outcome in July and will let you know how things go. * * * *

Glad that our material has been of use to you, Judy. Please, by all means keep us in touch with respect to your work and its outcome.

Mrs. Robert (Lois) Liggett. Belle Plaine, KY

I am no longer teaching in public school as of May '90, but I still work with children and adults and find the materials of Folksong in the Classroom of great value. * * * * * *

Kathe Lyth. Eureka, CA.

Having borrowed and used several copies of Folksong in the Classroom from my friend Toni Locke, I feel it is high time I subscribe to such a wonderful series. I am a Kodaly music specialist and love to correlate my music classes with the subjects taught by each classroom teacher in my school. The school has indicated they would be glad to purchase all back copies as well as subscribe to future copies. * * *

Thank you, Kathe. To our other readers: does your school library have all back issues? Is your school library on our subscription list?

* * * * *

Jane E. Disney. Southwest Harbor, ME

I am a collector, performer and teacher of children's music. I work with teachers who want to learn how to integrate music in their curricula. I am designing a course for the College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor, Maine, entitled "Music for Children," to be offered to education majors, teachers and parents. I believe Folksong in the Classroom will be a valuable resource in my course and in my personal interactions with children. Thank you very much for your effort in making this information available. * * * *

We read your letter with great interest because of the scope of your intended outreach -- to education majors and parents as well as teachers. We certainly hope that our newsletter will be of help to you and hope that you will keep us and our readers informed about the progress of your work.

* * * * *

Curly and Kate. Fromberg, MT.

Although we look forward to receiving your issues, we've been a little sad lately about the quality of new material - or quantity I should say. Why is "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," for instance, still being issued? We appreciate the work and time you folks put into the project but let's not bog down in the past. How about some more new stuff? * * * *

Our aim in general is to make folk songs available to teachers of history, music and English as well as to those who sing for youthful audiences. Many of the songs that we publish, we believe, even the very old ones, are likely to be new to our

readers. As for "Swing Low" it would never have occurred to us to publish it (vol. X #2) if we had not worked with children with special needs. For some of these children this song is fresh, consoling and beautiful. These young people are not "bogged down in the past," as you put it; they are bogged down in the present. The past may be called upon to provide them with the courage to live.

Note Curly and Kate sent us, with their letter, "Montana Memories" -- a pamphlet collection of songs that they have themselves composed, based upon oral histories in the Montana State Historical Society Archives. Thank you, Curly and Kate!

* * * * *

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

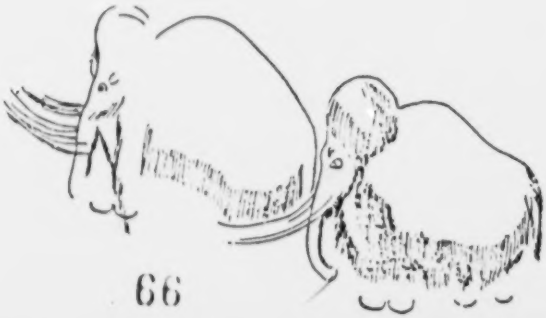
If you turn to the back cover, you will see the correct account of money you owe, depending on the date given on your computer address label. In volume XI Issues 1 and 2, we printed incorrect amounts. As a result, we asked you for between $5.00 and $12.00 more than we should have. If you have over paid, you will see a credit on your computer label. The back cover of this issue now definitely represents the correct status of your account.

We apoplgize for the error, which all you overworked teachers will doubtless understand only too well.

If you determine you owe us money after consulting the back cover of this issue, please take the time to send us a check today. We are sustained solely by the subscriptions of our readers, and need the funds to meet our immediate debts.

Again, our apologies for any inconvenience this may have caused.

cave engraving: mammoth, Fent-de-Gaume France, c. 12,000 BC Artist unknown.



War is an inescapable fact of American history throughout its entire span; one that we have to deal with at every level of teaching from upper elementary to college. Not a little of our time is spent studying the causes of armed struggles, the course of armed conflicts and their results.

One of the hazards involved in the study of war, especially when we are using standard textbooks as a principal source, is the possibility that students will find the subject dry and lifeless. This issue, accordingly, is devoted to songs composed and sung by soldiers in the 18th., 19th. and 20th. centuries. Even our brief selection of songs helps to make a single point: that the soldiers themselves who fight the battles and who endure them, are supremely qualified to tell their story; they do this through songs that possess a vividness and humanity that cannot be surpassed by those who neither witnessed nor participated in the actual events of which the soldiers tell.

The literature of war which soldiers have created with their songs is a varied one. Hundreds of songs have been written that tell of battles; others deal with life in the field and protest poor pay or cruel treatment. Some songs tell of the reasons why soldiers fight and die. Others lament the central tragedy of the soldier's life: to be doomed to inflict violence and also to be its victim. Others lighten the fatigue of endless marching with a lively beat and witty, imaginative, satiric and (at times) unprintable verses.

Soldiers' songs have the power to make classroom study of war a deeply moving experience both for teachers and students. Standard folk song collections -- Alan Lomax's Folk Songs of North America is one example -- reproduce very few soldiers' songs. Many such songs are nonetheless available for wars in which Americans have been involved. Folksong in the Classroom has published over thirty soldiers' songs in its back issues (see page 31); other sources for these songs are suggested in the bibliography (page 30) that accompanies this issue.

Soldiers' songs on the whole tell their stories with a characteristic brevity. Most of those that we reproduce below illustrate this fact. The style is simple, direct and inspired by deep feeling. The songs illuminate a landscape for a fraction of a second. This landscape is a panorama of the battlefield and of the human soul. Then we are in the dark again, but now wondering about what we have seen and wishing to see more.

This economy of style and story makes soldiers' songs superbly appropriate for classroom use. In an instant they bring to students and teachers alike a fresh awareness of history and of life. They revolutionize the context in which we learn and teach. We share a new experience, a fresh sorrow and a new link with others who have lived before.

TV writers would do well, in our opinion, to bear soldiers' songs in mind when they prepare epic stories about American wars. We regret, for example, that Ken Burns did not draw upon the great heritage of soldiers' songs when he composed his superb "Civil War." The human story, to be told in its full splendor, needs to be sung as well as read or spoken. This is the lesson of the epic tradition that has endured in the western world for well over two thousand years.

Some soldiers' songs tell of the agonies of separation from lovers, family and kin. Women as well as men have written classic laments upon this theme. We have published three such songs in past issues: "The Bonny Lass of Fyvie", "Mrs. McGrath," and "The Wars of High Germany." The last of these is an 18th century song, and we reproduce it again in this issue. The other song from colonial times provided here is "How Stands the Glass Around?" - a timeless expression of the soldier's predicament and a poignant protest against it.

"Bucking and Gagging" is a little known song from the Mexican-American War of 1846--48 that not only tells of the brutal treatment that soldiers of Irish origin received at the hands of their officers, but provides an explanation of why some of these United States soldiers ended up fighting on the Mexican side.

"John, John" is a worship song created and sung by slaves on the Georgia Sea Islands in the early days of the

Republic. "John, John" celebrates the Old Testament prophetic tradition; at first sight it may not seem appropriate to this issue. For reasons that we shall explain below, "John, John," almost unique in our singing heritage, is of direct relevance to the story of the black soldiers who made so decisive a contribution to Union victory in the Civil War.

The Civil War is represented in this issue by three songs: "John Brown of Massachusetts," "A Plaint;" and "Virginia's Bloody Soil." The World Wars of the 20th century receive attention with "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," which American G.I.s sung in both wars; and with "The Peat Bog Soldiers," a German anti-Fascist song that was sung in the Allied armies and became famous throughout the world.

"HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?"

"How Stands the Glass Around?" was a favorite of General James Wolfe, the young British commander who defeated the French at Quebec in 1759. The song, dating back in England at least to the 17th century, was known at that time as "The Duke of Berwick's March."

This British soldiers' song became popular with Americans during the Revolution. In December 1777 Washington and his ragged band withdrew from the Philadelphia area and moved into winter quarters at Valley Forge. Through the winter of 1777--78 they would keep watch on the British commander, Sir William Howe, who had occupied Philadelphia, and silently starve. As new graves appeared in the frozen earth the rebels began to sing "How Stands the Glass Around?"

"How Stands the Glass Around?" remained so popular with the Americans that it was still being reprinted in broadsides circulating twenty years after the Revolution was over.

The song is striking in the depth of meaning conveyed by three brief verses and a few simple words. A corporal or

sergeant tries to cheer up members of his platoon who are sitting gloomily around a tavern table. "How stands the glass around?" he asks; in other words, "check your glasses, lads; are they empty?" Fill up! he urges his men: it is useless for us to have sad thoughts. Our job is to fight. Let us be content with our fate. If we die, the pain is over; if we live, wine and women will be our consolation.

Note: upbraid (2nd verse): archaic word for to scold or reproach. Source: Frank Moore, The Diary of the American Revolution, edited by John Anthony Scott (New York, 1967).

THE WARS OF HIGH GERMANY

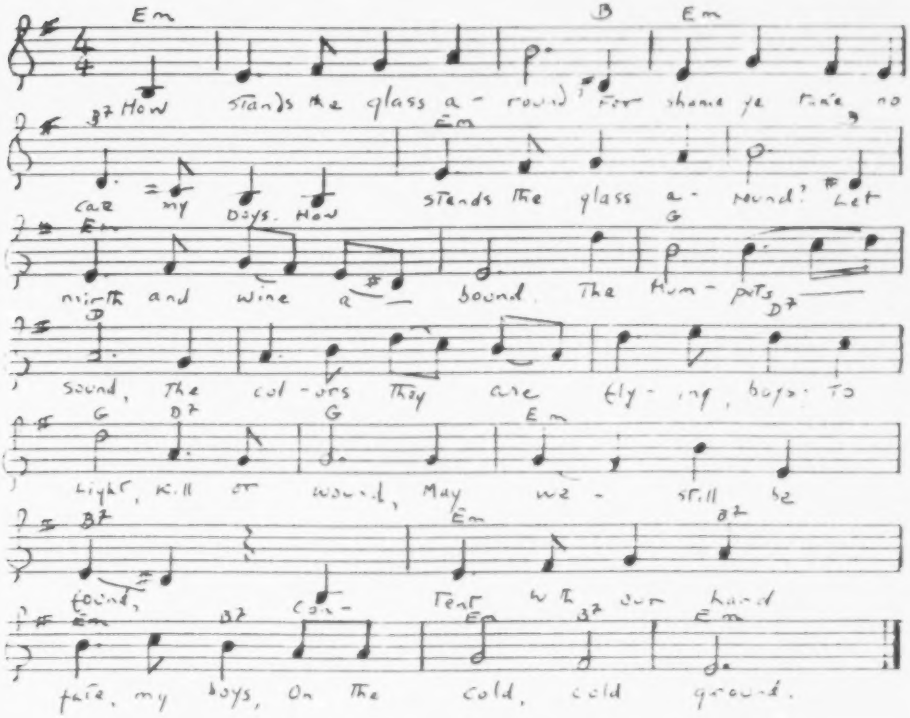
By the end of the 17th century France had emerged both as a major European power and as Britain's principal rival for imperial supremacy. This launched a costly and bloody struggle between the two countries that lasted well over a century and ended only with Britain's emergence as the world's mosst powerful empire by the middle of the 19th century.

The imperial struggle was fought out all over the globe -- in the Far East, in the Mediterranean, in the New World as well as in Europe itself. The European battlefield where England and its German allies repeatedly warred with France was for the most part the Austrian Netherlands -- that is, the broad flat stretch of territory that constitutes modern Belgium and that lies south of Holland between the North Sea coast and the wooded hills of the Ardennes. This was "High Germany" where English troops joined with Hanoverian and Prussian to fight the French in battles which continued throughout the 18th century and culminated at Waterloo in 1815.

Scottish as well as English soldiers provided the manpower for these wars. In this beautiful Scottish lament, a young woman mourns the loss of her lover as he is borne away across the sea; and utters a curse upon the cruel wars that are the cause of her suffering. She sings not only for herself but for her man. The grey morning, the cold, empty sea, the bitter wind and the snow, all tell vividly of a world as desolate as the woman's soul.

This, one of many variants, was transcribed from the singing of Ewan MacColl who in turn learned it from Margaret Logan of Wiltshire.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND



1 How stands the glass around?
For shame ye take no care, my boys.
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets sound,
The colors they are flying, boys;
To fight, kill, or wound,
May we still be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold, cold ground.

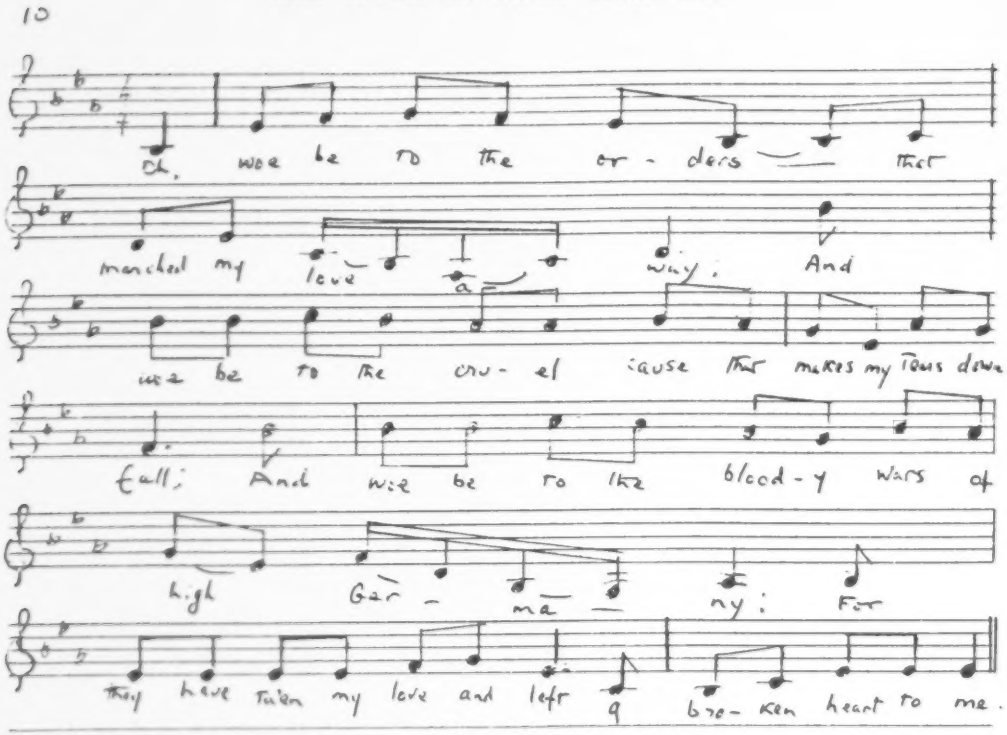
2

Why soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why soldiers, why
Whose business 'tis to die!
What sighing, fie!
Drown fear, drink on, be jolly boys,
'Tis he, you or I!
Cold, hot, wet or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly!

3

'Tis but in vain -
—I mean not to upbraid ye, boys,
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain.
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

THE WARS OF HIGH GERMANY



Oh, woe be to the orders
That marched my love away;
And woe be to the cruel cause
That makes my tears down fall;
And woe be to the bloody wars
Of high Germany;
For they have ta'en my love and left
A broken heart to me.

The drums beat in the morning
Before the dawn of day;
And the wee wee fifes played loud
and shrill
While yet the morn was grey;
The bonny flags were all unfurled,
A gallant sight to see;
But woe's me for my soldier lad
That's marched to Germany.

Oh, long long is the travelling
To the bonny pier of Leith,
And hard it is to go there
Wi' the snowdrift in the teeth;
And oh, the cold wind froze the tear
That gathered in my eye;
When I went there to see my love
Embark for Germany.

Oh, I looked o'er the broad blue sea
So long as could be seen
A wee bit sail upon the ship
My soldier lad was in;
But oh, the wind blew sore and swift
And the ship sailed speedily;
And the waves and cruel wars have
twined [parted]
My winsome love from me.

In many wars soldiers have been the victims of harsh treatment by brutal officers. In the war against Mexico (1846-48) a soldier might, for a petty offense, be spread-eagled on the ground, staked out, gagged, and left to broil for hours in the hot sun. Irish Catholic soldiers were the special targets of this form of punishment. It led to numerous desertions on the part of the Irish from the American ranks. The army paid dearly: deserters joined the Mexican Army's San Patricio Battalion and put up the fiercest resistance that the Americans encountered in the entire war. San Patricios were shot or mercilessly beaten when caught. The Mexicans called them "the Irish Martyrs."

Soldiers composed a song that described "Bucking and Gagging," as they called it, and sang it to the tune of an old British sea shanty, "Derry Down."

Source: Milton Meltzer, Bound for the Rio Grande: The Mexican Struggle, 1845--1850 (New York, 1974).

JOHN, JOHN

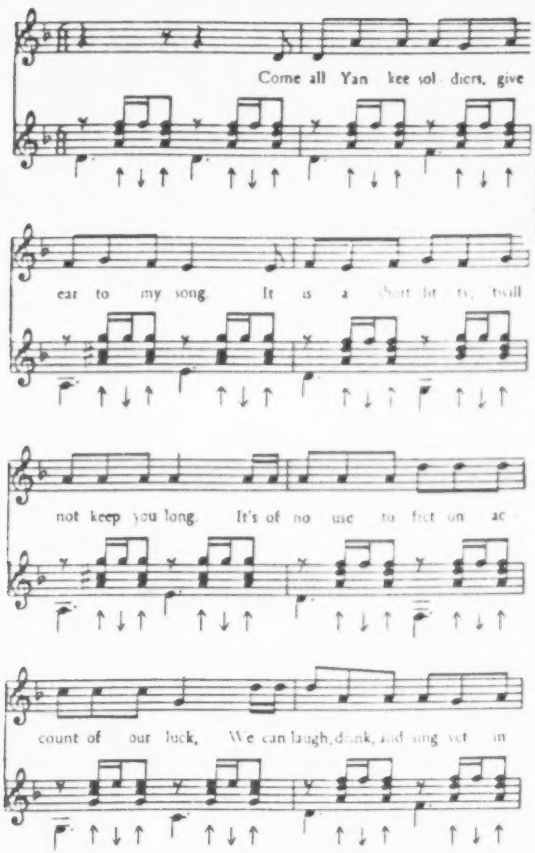
"John, John" is a spiritual sung by slaves on the Georgia Sea Islands. We do not know when it was composed, but it had become popular among them by the 1820's. Lydia Parrish, a song collector, learned the song from an aged freedman named Quarterman in the 1930's. It was inspired, Quarterman told her, by the gospel according to Matthew, where Jesus promises the people that a prophet will arise to deliver them from out of the hands of the wicked.

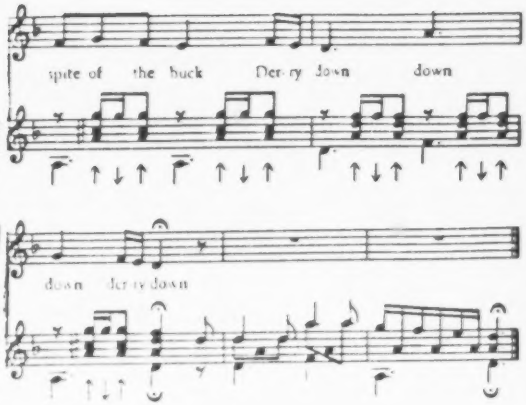
Here is the relevant passage from Matthew: 'What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind? A man clothed in soft raiment? .... But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you,and more than a prophet. For this is he, of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare the way before thee.' This prophet, Jesus promised, would be no weakling, no decorated lackey, but a soldier of the Lord.

"John, John" assures the slaves that they will surely see the prophet, who will come to them out of the flaming wilderness. This vision inspired Nat Turner, who organized a slave revolt in 1831, and also John Brown.

source: Leonard Falkner. For Jefferson and Liberty: The United States in War and Peace 18900--15 (New York, 1972).

BUCKING AND GAGGING





Come, all Yankee soldiers, give ear to my song,
It is a short ditty, 'twill not keep you long,
It's of no use to fret on account of our luck,
We can laugh, drink, and sing yet in spite of the buck.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

"Sergeant, buck him and gag him," our officers cry,
For each trifling offense which they happen to spy,
Till with bucking and gagging of Dick, Pat, and Bill,
Faith, the Mexican's ranks they have helped to fill.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

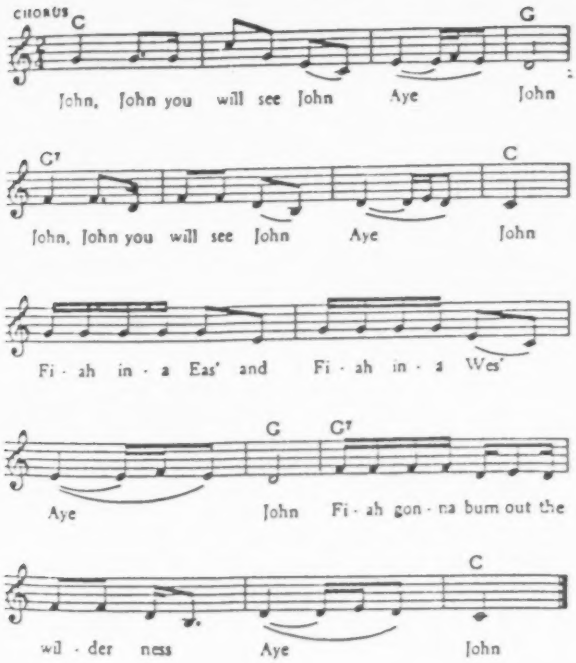
The treatment they give us, as all of us know,
Is bucking and gagging for whipping the foe;
They buck us and gag us for malice or spite,
But they are glad to release us when going to fight.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

A poor soldier's tied up in the hot sun or rain,
With a gag in his mouth till he's tortured with pain,
Why, I'm blessed if the eagle we wear on our flag,
In its claws shouldn't carry a buck and a gag.
Derry down, down down, derry down.

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

JOHN, JOHN

13



God in-a wilderness jes begin to look out
Aye John
Yes, the ram horn blow an'a children shout
Aye John
chorus

Talk about John and you will see John
Aye John
Talk about John but you will see John
Aye John
chorus

When I get to Heaven goin' to walk all aroun'
Aye John
Angel in-a Heaven can't order me down
Aye John
chorus

When I get to Heaven gonna sit and tell
Aye John
Gonna argue with the Father and chatter with the Son
Aye John
chorus

JOHN BROWN OF MASSACHUSETTS

John Brown launched his raid on Harper's Ferry on October 16, 1859. Tried for treason against the state of Virginia and conspiring with slaves to rebel, he was hanged at Charles Town (now West Virginia) on December 2nd., barely six weeks later.

Most history texts assert flatly that John Brown went to Harper's Ferry to seize arms with which to arm the slaves. In point of fact, he entertained no such purpose. Brown took with him to the Ferry most of the equipment, including weapons, that he needed, first to seize the federal Armory and second, to establish a military base in the Virginia hills where rebel slaves could be armed and trained.

John Brown made this perfectly clear to a journalist who talked to him on October 18, a few hours after the raid was over "It was no part of my purpose," he was reported as saying, "to seize the public arms. I had arms and ammunition enough....." (Boston Journal October 21, 1859).

John Brown seized Harper's Ferry in order to announce to the slaves that the time had arrived for the war of the righteous against the wicked to begin. He, the Lord's prophet, was there to lead them. Frederick Douglass, one of Brown's closest friends, confirmed this. "He thought," wrote Douglass, "that the capture of Harper's Ferry would serve as a notice to the slaves that their friends had come, and as a trumpet to rally them to his standard."

John Brown was convinced that a gigantic struggle with tyranny was soon to begin. He heard the sound of tramping feet; it was music in his ears. To these marching masses "John, John, you will see John" would soon cease to be a mere promise and a dream: it would be a statement of fact.

Harper's Ferry sped the outbreak of the Civil War. Soon a song called "John Brown's Body" was circulating among northern troops. Many variants of this song survive; one of the most notable is "John Brown of Massachusetts" which Frank Moore first published in Songs of the Soldiers in 1864, and which we reproduce on the next page.

John Brown of Massachusetts

15

tune: *John Brown's Body*

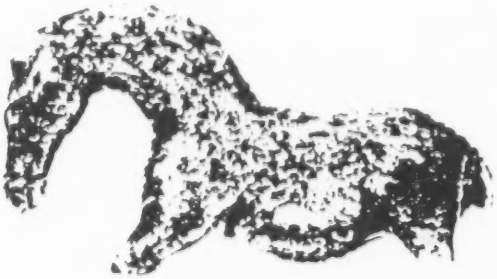
Old John Brown's body is a-mouldering in the dust,
Old John Brown's rifle's red with blood spots turned to rust,
Old John Brown's pike has made its last, unflinching thrust,
His soul is marching on!
    Glory, glory hallelujah,
    "Forward," calls the Lord, our Captain,
    Glory, glory hallelujah,
    With him we're marching on.

For treason hung because he struck at treason's root,
When soon palmetto tree had ripened treason's fruit,
His dust, disquieted, stirred at Sumter's last salute,
His soul is marching on!
    Glory, glory hallelujah, etc.

Who rides before the army of martyrs to the Word?
The heavens grow bright as He makes bare his flaming sword,
The glory fills the earth of the coming of the Lord,
His soul is marching on!
    Glory, glory hallelujah, etc.

His sacrifice we share! Our sword shall victory crown!
For God and country strike the fiend rebellion down!
For freedom and the right remember old John Brown!
His soul is marching on!
    Glory, glory hallelujah, etc.

Wild Horse, in ivory
Vogelherd cave, Germany: about 22,000 B.C.



Many of the Civil war's battles took place in Virginia. We reproduce two songs written by soldiers who fought there. In the spring of 1862 General George McLellan sailed his army down the Virginia coast, disembarked his troops between the York and the James Rivers, and moved westward to attack Richmond. "A Plaint," by a soldier, A.E. Townsend, laments the havoc inflicted upon Virginia's soil by this Union offensive. The battle of Fair Oak, mentioned in the third verse, was a bloody engagement that took place near Richmond at the end of May. The "hoarse guns" that thundered from Drewry's Ridge refers to the Confederate artillery that fired upon Union gunboats as they steamed up the James river. Townsend's lyric, as far as we know, was never set to music. His poetry is as fine, perhaps, as any that the Civil War produced. Try reading it aloud in class or encourage your students to do so.

VIRGINIA'S BLOODY SOIL

Two years later, in the spring of 1864, General Ulysses Grant launched the war's final offensive. His plan was to pin down General Robert E. Lee with the Army of the Potomac while the Army of the Cumberland slashed through Georgia deep in Lee's rear. In this struggle two great commanders were pitted against each other in Virginia.

Early in May Grant crossed the Rapidan river and headed into a tangled hell of forest and brush known as the Wilderness. "I mean to follow Lee," Grant said, "wherever he goes." Follow him he did in utter disregard for the casualties which his army suffered. The Yankees paid in blood for every inch they advanced.

The battle of the Wilderness took place from May 5-7, 1864. "Virginia's Bloody Soil" was composed by James McCoy, a soldier from Minerva, New York, in honor of Captain Dennis Barnes who fell in this battle. Three quarters of a century later (1939) Anne and Frank Warner learned the song from another Minerva man, Yankee John Galusha: it lived on in local tradition. The song is a dirge. Fluid, open vowels dominate the lyric style and endow the melody with an extraordinary poignancy.

Source: Traditional American Folk Songs from the Anne and Frank Warner Collection (slightly abridged).

A PLAINT

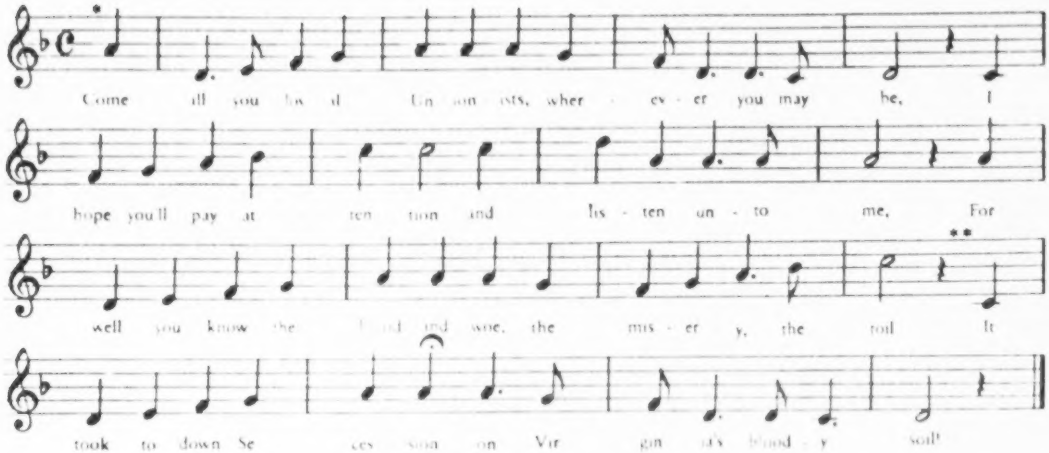
17

Alas! for the pleasant peace we knew
In the happy summers of long ago,
When the rivers were bright and the sky was blue
By the homes of Henrico.
We dreamed of wars that were far away
And read, as in fable, of blood that ran
Where the James and Chickahominy stray,
Through the groves of Powhatan.

'Tis a dream come true, for the afternoons,
Blow bugles of war by our fields of grain,
And the sabres sink as the dark dragoons
Come galloping up the lane;
The pigeons have flown from the eaves and tiles,
The oat-blades have grown to blades of steel,
And the Huns swarm down the leafy aisles
Of the grand old commonweal.

They have torn the Indian fisher's nets
Where the gray Pamunkey goes toward the sea,
And blood runs red in the rivulets
That babbled and brawled in glee;
The corpses are strewn in Fair Oak glades,
The hoarse guns thunder from Drewry's Ridge,
The fishes that played in the cool deep shades
Are frightened from Bottom Bridge.

I would that the years were blotted away,
And the strawberries green in the hedge again;
That the scythe might swing in the tangled hay,
And the squirrels romp in the glen;
The walnuts sprinkle the clover slopes
Where graze the sheep and the spotted steer,
And the winter restore the golden hopes
That were trampled in a year.



Come all you loyal Unionists, wherever you may be;
I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me;
For well you know the blood and woe the misery and the toil,
It took to down Secession on Virginia's bloody soil.

And thousands left their native homes some never to return;
And many's the wife and family dear who are left behind to mourn.
There was one who went amongst them,who from danger would ne'er recoil,
Now his bones lie bleaching in the field on Virginia's bloody soil.

In the great fight of the Wilderness where many a brave man fell,
Our Captain led his comrades on through Rebel shot and shell;
The wounded round they strewed the ground the dead lay heaped in piles,
The comrades weltered in their blood on Virginia's bloody soil.

And now our hero's sleeping with thousands of the brave;
No marble slab shall mark the place, that shows where he was laid:
He died to save our Union, he's free from care and toil,
Thank God the Stars and Stripes still wave o'er Virginia's bloody soil.

MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIÈRES

19

During World War I many songs were written for vaudeville, became hits, and migrated to the trenches. "Mademoiselle from Armentières" is a good example. Over the years it has exhibited an irrepressible vitality. It proliferated endless (often unprintable) verses in World War I; and it continued to grow during World War II as another generation of G.I.'s and Tommies in France added more verses. "Mademoiselle" was a marching song par excellence. Others that rivaled it in popularity during World War I were "It's a Long Way from Tipperary," "K-K-K Katy," and "Pack Up Your Troubles." Marching songs of this type were not too popular during World War II, at least among Americans; you don't need marching songs too much when you ride to the front on a halftrack or a truck, or float down from an airplane.

In the versions reproduced here World War I lyrics are followed by World War II additions.

THE PEAT BOG SOLDIERS

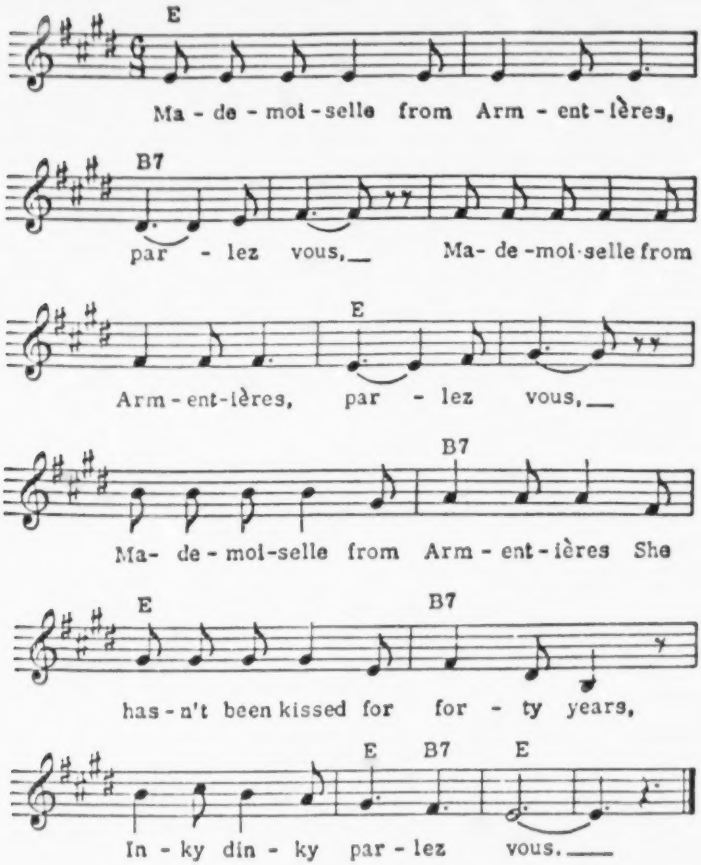
Hitler became Chancellor of Germany in January, 1933; concentration camps began to spring up, like toadstools, where the regime's enemies were tortured, and put to death. The inmates of these camps were Germans, rounded up and sent there because they had opposed the National Socialist Party in word or deed, or because they were Gypsies or Jews. One such camp was located near Wolfenbuttel on the bleak peat moors in Germany's northwestern province of Hanover. Here was born "Die Moorsoldaten," or "The Peat Bog Soldiers."

The song migrated to Spain with German anti-fascists who went there to fight for the Republic against Franco and his German and Italian allies. A recording of the "The Peat Bog Soldiers" was made in Madrid, travelled to the United States and was played there in army camps. By 1942 "The Peat Bog Soldiers" was known to millions throughout Europe. No other song conveys so profoundly yet simply what the war meant.

Most Germans did not learn it until later. The writer sang it to a group of German students and their teachers in 1983. Some were in tears, others wide-eyed with astonishment. "We have heard it sung in English," they said, "but never before in German." Created by Germans in the German language the song survived in Germany only in an English version.

source: John Anthony Scott. The Ballad of America (Carbondale, Illinois, 1983).

20 MADEMOISELLE from ARMENTIERES



World War I:

Oh farmer, have you a daughter fair, parlez-vous (*twice*)
Oh farmer have you a daughter fair
Who can wash a soldier's underwear,
Inky dinky parlez-vous.

The officers get all the steak, parlez-vous (*twice*)
The officers get all the steak
And all we get is the belly-ache
Inky dinky parlez-vous.

The M.P.'s say they won the war, parlez-vous (*twice*)
The M.P.'s say they won the war
Standing on guard at the cafe door,
Inky dinky parlez-vous.

You might forget the gas and the shell, parlez-vous (*twice*)
You might forget the gas and shell,
You'll never forget the mademoiselle,
Inky dinky parlez-vous.

Mademoiselle all dressed in black, parlez-vous (*twice*)
Mademoiselle all dressed in black
'Cause her soldier boy he never came back,
Inky dinky parlez-vous.

World War II:

Our top-kick there in Armentières, parlez-vous
Our top-kick there in Armentières, parlez-vous,
Our top-kick there in Armentières
Soon broke that spell of forty years,
Inky dinky parlez-vous.

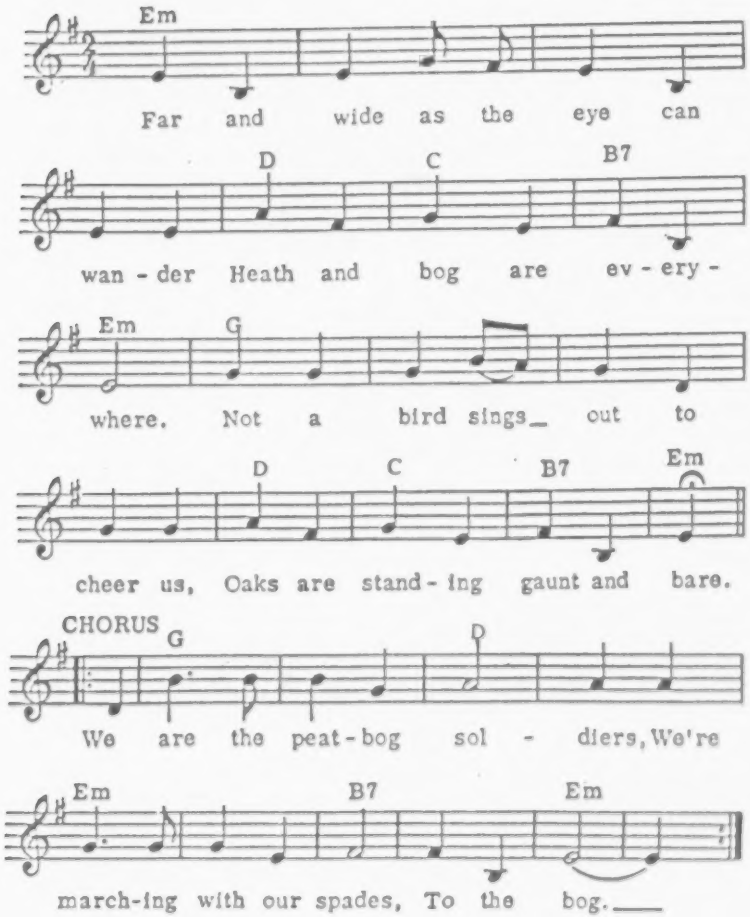
She might have been young for all we knew, parlez-vous
She might have been young for all we knew, parlez-vous
She might have been young for all we knew
When Napoleon flopped at Waterloo
Inky dinky parlez-vous.

She got the palms and the Croix de Guerre, parlez-vous *(twice)*
She got the palms and the Croix de Guerre
For washing soldiers' underwear,
Inky dinky parlez-vous.

The second lieutenants are at it again, parlez-vous (*twice*)
The second lieutenants are at it again
They're winning the war with a fountain pen,
Inky dinky parlez-vous.

THE PEAT BOG SOLDIERS

22



Far and wide as the eye can wander
Heath and bog are everywhere.
Not a bird sings out to cheer us,
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.
Chorus
We are the peat-bog soldiers,
We're marching with our spades,
To the bog (twice).

Up and down the guards are pacing,
No one, no one can go through.
Flight would mean a sure death facing;
Guns and barbed wire greet our view.

Chorus

But for us there is no complaining,
Winter will in time be past;
One day we shall cry rejoicing,
Homeland dear, you're mine at last.

Chorus Then will the peat-bog soldiers
March no more with their spades
To the bog.

* * *

Wohin auch das Auge blicket
Moor und Heide ringsherum.
Vogelsang uns nicht erquicket,
Eichen stehen kahl und krumm.

Chorus Wir sind die Moorsoldaten
Und ziehen mit dem Spaten
Ins Moor.

Auf und nieder gehen die Posten,
Keiner, keiner, kann hindurch.
Flucht wird nur das Leben kosten,
Fielfach ist umzäunt die Burg.

Chorus

Doch fur uns gibt es kein Klagen,
Ewig kann's nicht Winter sein.
Einmal werden froh wir sagen,
"Heimat, du bist wieder mein."

Chorus Dann ziehen die Moorsoldaten
Nicht mehr mit dem Spaten
Ins Moor.

24 WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE? by Pete Seeger

Pete Seeger's song, "Where Have all the Flowers Gone?" is as good an example as we will find of a foreign language song that has become the common property of millions of English-speaking people. It is based upon a Ukrainian song quoted by Mikhail Sholokhov in Quiet Flows the Don:

> Where are the geese? They've gone to the reeds.
> And where are the reeds? They've been gathered by the girls.
> And where are the girls? They've taken husbands.
> And where are the Cossacks? They've gone to war.

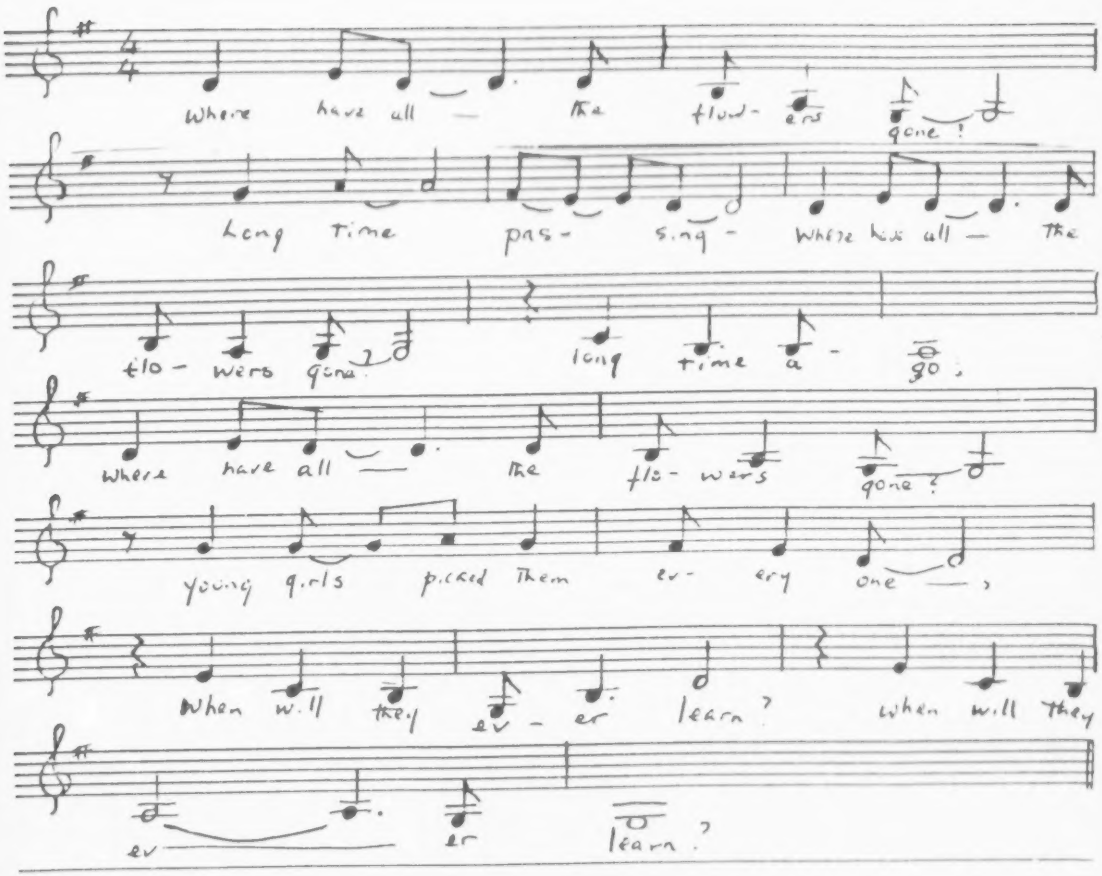
Pete Seeger composed "Where Have all the Flowers Gone?" about 1961. It is one of many beautiful contributions he has made as a song writer. The following year the song hit the top forty on the charts and remained there for seven weeks in a version sung by the Kingston Trio. Johnny Rivers repeated this success when he recorded it in 1965.

By the end of the 1960's "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" was being sung both by antiwar activists in the United States and by American soldiers in Vietnam. United States marines of the 26th Marine Regiment (U.S. Third Marine Division) sang it in 1968 as they defended the old French base of Khe Sanh against the formidable, unrelenting attacks of the North Vietnamese Army. Seeger himself is a veteran of World War II: "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" is a true soldiers' song.

Young people need access to songs such as this so that they may reach out to other peoples and learn to embrace them as part of the human family. These songs will help teach that we must live in peace or not live at all.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE? © copyright 1961, Sanga Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?



by Pete Seeger, additional verses by Joe Hickerson
C Copyright 1961 (renewed) by FALL RIVER MUSIC INC.
All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission.

Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls picked them, every one.
When will they ever learn,
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the young girls gone?
They've taken husbands, every one.
When will they ever learn,
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the young men gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the young men gone?
'gone for soldiers, every one.
When will they ever learn,
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
To the graveyards, every one.
When will they ever learn,
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers, every one.
When will they ever learn,
When will they ever learn?

(Repeat first verse)

"Bread!" 1917 lithograph
by Käthe Köllwitz, a German
artist who ranks with Goya
in her depiction of the
face of war.

REVIEW

America: A Celebration in Story, by Ron Klug. 21 pp., $3.00. Available from Dr. Arthur J. Schulz, Dr. Martin Luther College, New Ulm, MN 56073. $25.00 performance fee is payable to Ron Klug, 1115 S. Division St., Northfield MN 55057. (Upper elementary to 12th grade).

America is a six page narrative of American history, interspersed with the titles of over 30 songs that the author suggests should be sung with it. The performance time is an estimated 70 minutes. America provides a singing review for an entire year's study.

Some teachers might want to make changes if they decided to experiment with this interesting song-and-narrative style. Apart from the phrase "French and Indian Wars" there is no mention in the script of Native American peoples and their struggles for independence. There is no reference, either, to the fact that in 1863 emancipation of the slaves became the Union's central war aim. Reconstruction is dismissed with the statement that "with the return of peace, the nation could use its energy to grow and develop."

One of the obstacles that may confront teachers who wish to use this script is the omission of music and lyrics for the songs suggested. Klug explains that "because of copyright restrictions we can't publish all the songs here." Readers, he says, "will have to spend some time tracking [them] down."

We find this dubious. Most of the songs the author cites are in the public domain; many of them were never copyrighted in the first place. John Newton, for example, wrote "Amazing Grace" -- one of the songs that Klug uses -- in 1779. Anybody is at liberty to reproduce it; the same goes for most of the others.

[For more information about music-and-narrative scripts as an art form of great value in teaching high school history, see John A. Scott, "Social Studies and the Stage;" in Teaching for a Change (New York: Bantam Books, 1972)].

#4 Songs of the Soldiers

General: Songs of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Civil War and the two World Wars are included in John Anthony Scott, The Ballad of America: the History of the United States in Song and Story (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1983). This book also contains a detailed bibliography and discography. Roy Palmer, The Rambling Soldier (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1977) is an invaluable study. Here the British soldier tells his own story in his own words and with his own songs for the period 1750--1900.

For war songs of the American Revolution see Irwin Silber, Songs of Independence (Harrisburg, Pa: Stackpole Books, 1973); Carolyn Rabson, Songbook of the American Revolution (NEO Press, Box 32, Peaks Island, ME 04108); and Frank Moore, comp., The Diary of the American Revolution, 1775--81 (New York: Washington Square Press, 1967: abridged, edited and with an introduction by John Anthony Scott). Scott's edition of Moore's famous compilation includes 30 of the Revolution's finest songs, together with melody lines and notes. Fifteen of these songs are also reproduced, with music, in John Anthony Scott, Trumpet of a Prophecy: Revolutionary America 1763--83 (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1969).

For the Civil War see Irwin Silber, Songs of the Civil War (New York: Columbia University Press, 1960). For the songs of black soldiers, see James M. McPherson, Marching Toward Freedom: Blacks in the Civil War 1861--65 (New York: Facts on File, 1991).

The songs of the two World Wars are well treated in John J. Niles, Singing Soldiers (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1927), and Edgar A. Palmer, G.I. Songs Written, Composed and/or Collected by the Men in the Service (New York: Sheridan House, 1944). See also Steven Jantzen, Hooray for Peace Hurrah for War: the United States during World War I (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1971).

SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS: Back Issues

Colonial

Death of General Wolfe (Brave Wolfe)	VII: 3-91
	XI: 1-15
How Stands the Glass Around?	III: 2-39
Soldier, Soldier, Will You Marry Me?	I: 3-16
The Bonnie Lass of Fyvie	IV: 1- 9

The American Revolution

Young Ladies in Town	III: 1- 7
Liberty Song	8
The Rich Old Lady	11
Fish and Tea	13
A Junto Song	14
Irishman's Epistle	16
The Deserter	17
British Grenadiers	18
Sir Peter Parker	22
Dying Redcoat	24
Battle of Trenton	25
Battle of Saratoga	III: 2-36
Fate of John Burgoyne	38
The Battle of the Kegs	40
Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier	41
High Germany	42
Paul Jones	43
Ballad of Major Andre	44
A New Song, Written by a Soldier	46
	VII: 1-15
The Battle of King's Mountain	III: 2-48
Cornwallis' Surrender	51

War of 1812

John, John	VIII: 2-55
Napoleon Bonaparte	56
General Brock	60
Star Spangled Banner	62
Constitution and the Guerriere	64
Hunters of Kentucky	70
Mrs. McGraw	IV: 1-10

The Civil War

Walking on the Green Grass	II: 1-07
Yankee Man o' War	09
The Bonnie Blue Flag	11
General Lee's Wooing	12
Many Thousand Gone	16
The First of Arkansas	17
Roll, Alabama, Roll	18
Southern Girl's Reply	19
All Quiet on the Potomac	VII: 2-68

Vol I	#1	Objectives
	2	Ballads
	3	Songs of Colonial Times
	4	Songs of the Cowboy
II	1	Songs of the Civil War
	2	Whaling Songs
	3	Children's Songs and Lullabies
III	1 & 2	The American Revolution through its Songs & Ballads
	3	Songs of the Gold Rush
IV	1	Women's Songs
	2	Songs of the Sea
	3	Songs of Slavery
V	1	Songs of the Westward Movement
	2	Songs of the Lumbermen
	3	Songs about Animals & Living Creatures
VI	1	Railroad Songs
	2	Songs of the Farmers of the Plains
	3	Traditional Ballads
VII	1	Songs of the United States Constitution
	2 & 3	River Songs
VIII	1	Songs of the Federal Period to 1801
	2	Jefferson, Madison & the War of 1812 (Two issues only for Vol. VIII)
IX	1, 2, 3	Songs about the Environment
X	1	How to Get Your Students Singing
	2	Songs for People with Special Needs
	3	Troubled Children and Bad People Ballads
XI	1	Songs of Newfoundland
	2	Mine, Mill and Tunnel Workers 1877--1932
	3	Songs of the Soldiers

Volumes I through XI cost $43 for an individual or $59 for a school, library, or other institution. You save by buying the whole set.

Volume XI #3 Spring 1991
FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM
John W. Scott
P.O. Box 264
Holyoke, MA 01041

BULKRATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
HOLYOKE, MA
PERMIT NO 85

Record: 00690

ERIC ACQUISITIONS
SOCIAL STUDIES DEVELOPMENT CR
2805 EAST 10TH ST. SUITE 120
BLOOMINGTON IN 47408

R

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS PAID THROUGH THIS DATE

If you are an institutional subscriber and the date is ....

June 90... make your check out for at least.... $12.00.
if you are an individual subscriber.... $7.00.
June 89... make your check out for at least.... $19.00.
if you are an individual subscriber.... $12.00.
June 88... make your check out for at least.... $26.00.
if you are an individual subscriber.... $17.00.
June 87... make your check out for at least.... $33.00.
if you are an individual subscriber.... $22.00.

Schools, Libraries (Purchase Orders & Institutional Checks)

___Volume XI (1990-1991) $12.00. Are you a new subscriber?_____.
___Back issues $12.00 a year._____(write in years requested)
___For ONLY $59.00 you can subscribe for all 11 years. *What a fantastic deal!*

Individual Rates (Personal Checks)

____Volume XI (1990-1991) $7.00. Are you a new subscriber?_____.
____Back issues $7.00 a year._____(write in years requested)
____For ONLY $43.00 you can subscribe for all 11 years. *Awesome deal!*

Microfiche available through: ERIC acquisitions
Social Studies Development Center 2805 East 10th st.
Bloomington, IN 47408

Name_____Organization_____

Street_____State_____Zip_____

Grades and subject taught_____